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BOMBAY BRANCH

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Poems and Songs.

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Illustrations.

Profile of Author, from a Drawing made in 1822, by Sir Francis Chantrey.—Title-page.

Birth-place of Author—Blackwood, near Dumfries. The Yew-tree grows on the site of his father's cottage.—Page ix.

Grave and Tomb at Kensal Green.—Page xxxii.

INTRODUCTION.

It was the opinion of the author of the following Poems and Songs that his fame would rest hereafter chiefly, if not entirely, on the kindly criticisms of Sir Walter Scott and Southey, though he was willing to hope that a few of his Lyrics might find a place in some future Collection of Scottish Songs, and a few of his Lives be referred to with satisfaction by all who felt an interest in the wild but noble imaginations of Blake, the classic concep-

tions of Flaxman, or the all-ennobling poetry of Robert Burns.

It is not very often that an author forms so low an estimate of his own merits and in the bosom of his own family. But there was, if a son may be excused for saying it, an inherent modesty in every thing his father did, and never was there a severer judge of his own writings, or one, while a critic, more lenient to the faults of others.

I have divided the Collection into three Parts:

Part I. Imitations of the Old Ballad, Jacobite Reliques, &c.

Part II. Poems and Miscellaneous Pieces.

Part III. Songs.

But the first alone seems to require any particular history at my hands.

Mr. R. H. Cromek, by profession an engraver, visited Dumfries in the summer of 1809, accompanied by Mr. T. Stothard, the celebrated painter. The object of their joint visit was the collection of materials and drawings for an enlarged and illustrated edition of the works of Burns. Mr. Cromek had published, a few years before, a supplemental volume to Currie's edition of the Works, and pleased with the success of the 'Reliques' (so the volume was entitled), was preparing for publication, at the same time, a select Collection of Scottish

Songs, with the notes and memoranda of Burns, and such additional materials as his own industry could bring together.

Mr. Cromek brought a letter of introduction to my father from Mrs. Fletcher of Edinburgh, herself a poetess, and the friend of Sir Walter Scott and Campbell. A similarity of pursuits strengthened their acquaintance; their talk was all about Burns, the old Border Ballads, and the Jacobite Songs of the '15 and '45. Cromek found his young friend, then a stonemason earning eighteen shillings a-week, well versed in the poetry of his country, with a taste naturally good and an extent of reading, for one in his condition, really surprising. Stothard, who had a fine feeling for poetry, was equally astonished.

In one of their conversations on modern Scottish Song, Cromek made the discovery that the Dumfries mason on eighteen shillings a-week was himself a poet. Mrs. Fletcher may have told him as much, but I never heard that she did; this, however, is immaterial. Cromek, in consequence of this discovery, asked to see some of his 'effusions'; they were shown to him; and at their next meeting he observed, as I have heard my father tell with great good humour, imitating Cromek's manner all the while, "Why, Sir, your verses are well, very well; but no one should try to write Songs after Robert Burns unless he could either write like him or

some of the old minstrels." The disappointed poet nodded assent, changed the subject of conversation, and talked about the old Songs and fragments of Songs still to be picked up among the peasantry of Nithsdale. "Gad, Sir!" said Cromek; "if we could but make a volume—Gad, Sir!—see what Percy has done, and Ritson, and Mr. Scott more recently with his Border Minstrelsy." The idea of a volume of imitations passed upon Cromek as genuine remains flashed across the poet's mind in a moment, and he undertook at once to put down what he knew, and set about collecting all that could be picked up in Nithsdale and Galloway.

Cromek foresaw a volume of genuine verse, and entered keenly into the idea of the Nithsdale and Galloway publication. A few fragments were soon submitted. "Gad, Sir! these are the things;" and, like Polyphemus, he cried for more. "More, give me more; this is divine!" He never suspected a cheat, or, if at all, not at this time.

The fragments shown were essentially different in spirit, feeling, rhythm, and rhyme from any of the poet's own compositions, which consisted at this time chiefly of imitations of Ossian, and poems in the bad manner of Macneill and the Scottish poets who succeeded Burns. Take this verse, printed by Cromek in the Nithsdale and Galloway volume, p. 163:

The orphan child weeps by the flame-oursting cottage,
And prints its light footsteps in circles of gore;
It lifts the blood-locks of the brown-cheeked peasant,
And screams o'er his wounds to thy echoes, Benmore.

This, it must be owned, is sorry stuff; and if all were like this, Cromek was certainly too complimentary when he said that the poet's verses were "well—very well."

The fragments increasing in number and in merit, Cromek gave the poet a MS. book to copy them in, with this inscription on the cover:—

When this book is *filled* with old unpublished songs and ballads, and with remarks on them historical and critical, by *Allan Cunningham*, it must be sent to *R. H. Cromek*, 64, *Newman Street*, *London*.

The writer of this knows enough of the last-mentioned gentleman to warrant him in *assuring* Mr. Cunningham, that his exertions will not only be gratefully acknowledged, but, when an opportunity occurs, kindly returned.

Dumfries, *Sept.* 18*th*, 1809.

Cromek shortly after left Dumfries and returned to London, and from this time a constant correspondence was carried on between them. Cromek's letters I found preserved among my father's papers. His first letter is dated Oct. 9, 1809.

To Mr. Allan Cunningham.

64, Newman Street,
9*th Oct.* 1809.

How are you getting on with your collection? Don't be in a hurry. I think between us we shall make a most interesting book.

On the back of this letter is the first rough copy of "Bonnie Lady Anne."

Cromek's second letter is dated 27th Oct. 1809. The "very fine poem"—"the wonderful performance" he refers to, was the song "She 's gane to dwall in Heaven."

To Mr. Allan Cunningham.

64, Newman Street,
27th Oct. 1809.

Thank you, very very kindly, my good Allan, for your interesting letter and the very fine poem it contained. Your *short* but *sweet* criticism on this wonderful performance supersedes the necessity of my saying a word more in its praise. I must however just remark, that I do not know anything more touching, more simply pathetic in the whole range of Scottish song. Pray what d'ye think of its age. I am of opinion, from the *dialect*, that it is the production of a Border Minstrel; though not of one who has "full *ninety* winters seen."

In *old* Ballads *abstract ideas* are rarely meddled with—an old minstrel would not have personified "Gudeness," nor do I think he would have used compound epithets "death-cold," "death-shut ee" &c.; much less would he have introduced the epithet "calm" as it is applied in this song. A bard of the olden time would have said *a calm sea*, *a calm night*, and such like.

The epithet "Fell" ("Fell Time" in the last line of the 7th verse) is a word almost exclusively used by *mere* cold-blooded *classic* poets, not by the poets of Nature, and it certainly has crept into the present song through the ignorance of reciters. We *must* remove it; and its removal must *not* be mentioned. We 'll bury it "in the family vault of all the Capulets."

"Ye're owre pure"—I do not recollect the word pure in old or indeed in modern Scotch ballads; but it may pass

muster. I have read these verses to my old mother, my wife, sister, and family, till *all our hearts ache.*

The last verse of "Bonnie Lady Anne" contains a fine sentiment.

The Jacobite Songs will be a great acquisition. I am pretty sure that among us we shall produce a book of consequence and interest. I have now arranged the plan of publication. I shall place Burns and his remarks with the songs remarked on at the front of the battle. These Songs will afford hints for many notes, &c. You and I will then come forward with our budget in an appendix introduced with some remarks on Scottish Song, which *I much wish* you would try your hand at. I think you will succeed in this much better than myself. I would then conclude the book with a selection of principally old Songs and Ballads, from *Johnson's Musical Museum.* This selection will consist of about five-and-twenty or thirty of the best songs, which lay buried alive amid the rubbish of that heterogeneous mass.

Speaking of the "Museum," I hope you will receive safe a copy of this work, six volumes which I have got bound for you. The "Museum" has become scarce since I published the "Reliques." Do me the favour to accept of these books, which I send under the full persuasion, that to *you* they will be a mine of wealth.

Your brother * dined with us on the Sunday before last.

* Thomas Mouncey Cunningham, author of a very beautiful song called "The Hills of Gallowa'." He died in London in 1834. Hogg speaks of him in his "Reminiscences of Former Days"—"Of an elder brother of Allan, Thomas Mouncey, I had previous to that conceived a very high idea, and I always marvel how he could possibly put his poetical vein under lock and key, as he did all at once; for he certainly then bade fair to be the first of Scottish Bards." I have heard my father describe a scene at Abbotsford which he enjoyed exceedingly. "Willie Laidlaw," he said, "asked after my brother Thomas, and what he was about, and why he had abandoned poetry. Laidlaw thought him an excellent poet, and gave his reasons for thinking 'Tam' a better poet than his brother Allan; Sir Walter listening eagerly to all he said, and laughing and looking slyly at me all the while."

He is a very good fellow. He desired me to remind you of an old woman living (I hope) at Kirkbean 'ycleped *Margaret Corson.* She has or had a budget filled with Songs. If you see her, ask her for what she may happen to recollect of an old fragment beginning:

D'ye mind, d'ye mind, Lady Margery,
When we handed round the wine, &c.*

From this woman you may also learn many particulars respecting "Mary's Dream" and its author. If she lives at any distance, hire a horse and ride at my expense as boldly as "Muirland Willie," when he went a-courting. Pray get what you can from her respecting the history of this Song and its author.

My family beg their kindest wishes. Whether my wife will be able to welcome you to London *in broad Scots,* I cannot tell; this I will venture to say for her, that she as well as all of us will welcome you in the simple old style language of the heart.

On the subject of your *crossing the Sark,* I will write fully in my next. At all events the spring must introduce *you* with other *wild* flowers to the notice of my London *friends.*

I was glad to find you were pleased with the present of the Song in Burns' handwriting. You may safely consider yourself a favourite to receive such a thing *from me,* I can assure you.† Remember me very kindly at home. God bless you. R. H. CROMEK.

HAME, HAME.

(Tune) "*My dear, I dow nae min'.*"

Hame, hame, hame,
Hame fain would I be,
An' its hame, hame, hame,
To my ain countrie.

* See Reliques, p. 222.

† The *Song in Burns'* handwriting was "The Blue Eyed Lass" of which there is a fac-simile in the Eighth volume of the works of Burns.

But I 'll tarry here awhile
An' return and with you be,
An' bring many a bonnie lad
To his ain countrie.

May the waters stop and stand,
Like walls on every side,
An' my bonny Highland lad,
Jehovah be his guide!
Dry up the River Forth
As thou didst the Red Sea,
When the Israelites did pass
To their ain countrie.

Ligonier and Hawley
We 'll hang them on a tree;
With the butcher Duke of Cumberland
To bear them company.
Curst be the Volunteers
To a' eternitie,
That fought against their King,
In his ain countrie.

George, that vile usurper,
From Britain banished be;
An' a' the Hanoverians,
Deil drown them in the sea!
We'll crown King Charles the Third,
Wi' mirth and jovialtie,
And syne we 'll hae a King,
In our ain countrie!
Hame, hame, hame, &c.*

* There is a poor copy of a song somewhat similar to this in Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, vol. i., 136. I have never seen Cromek's version in print before. I believe it genuine, and one perhaps out of five-and-twenty (certainly not more) genuine Jacobite Relics.

Is not this a heart-warming thing? Don't give a copy of it under any pretence. Don't you think this song may be printed if the name of the King were omitted? To be sure the last verse might be omitted altogether, but not without weakening the effect of the whole.

I begin to feel anxious to see what you have done. I beg of you to take a week from your employer, and sit down leisurely to the papers; for which *week* I will send you, by Johnson's next parcel, a 2*l.* note, with this old Proverb, as an apology for so doing, "He may well swim that has his head hadden up." Adieu again.

R. H. C.

The "Remains" increasing in number and importance, Cromek was induced to abandon his first idea of printing them in the same volume with Burns' Memoranda on the printed songs. In his next letter he repeats his wish that his young and intelligent friend should remove to London.

To Mr. Allan Cunningham.

Friday, 27th January, 1810.

My dear Allan,

While I recollect I will tell you that I shall not put the Nithsdale Ballads to press till I am able to announce to Great Britain the arrival of your Worship in the Metropolis, which I hope will be soon. You must be here by the 1st, 2nd, or 3rd of April, or so. We will then sit down and make a good book. I have arranged the materials already come to hand and have written several *spruce* notes. I am absolutely dying to see "Billy Blin'," and his merry companions. "The Lass of Inverness" is quite lovely. When you are here I will point out to you the beauty of these things as I feel them.

The fragment of a Tocher is curious and interesting. What is it extracted from? The History of the Pipers will tell well. As you say, "Notices concerning by-past manners" are valuable. "The Border Minstrelsy" hath scarcely any other merit. "Muirland Willie" is *braw*. The Picture of the Country Ale-House is so faithful that it might be painted from—thank you for it very kindly. "Maggie Lauder" will do *fine*. "Blythsome Bridal"—sensible observant remarks. I envy you the sight of Lady Nithsdale's letter—pray steal it, at all events * mark its date and compare it with the printed copy, but don't talk about it, and inform me who possesses it. Let me have the History of the Fairies of Nithsdale and Galloway, and the Brownie.

Adieu, my good friend, in great haste,

Your sincere

R. H. C.

Cromek's next letter opens with a question which his correspondent must have had some difficulty in answering.

To Mr. Allan Cunningham.

[*No date.*]

Pray what are the names of the poets Nithsdale and Galloway have produced?

I shall introduce Bothwell Bank as the production of a friend, and you may claim it; but say nothing about it

* Cromek had rather lax ideas about *meum et tuum* when valuable autographs were put before him. I remember an instance of this, which I have heard my father relate. Sir Walter Scott was talking to him of some of the chief curiosities he possessed at Abbotsford—"I had once—I am sorry to say once—an original letter from Ben Jonson to Drummond of Hawthornden, all in Ben's own beautiful handwriting—I never heard of another." My father mentioned one he had seen in London in Cromek's hands. Scott used some strong expression, and added, "the last person I showed that letter to was Cromek, and I have never seen it since."

till it appears, and you will hear it remarked on. It is too good to be thrown away; you must have it.

Since I wrote the above I have read your Bothwell Bank to Mr. Stothard. He is delighted with it. His taste is perfect. He wishes me to allow it to be shown to Mr. Rogers, the author of the Pleasures of Memory, which I shall do. Adieu.

R. H. CROMEK.

In the following letter Cromek announces the full title of his forthcoming volume.

To Mr. ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

64, NEWMAN STREET,
8th Feb. 1810.

I congratulate you very sincerely, my dear Allan, on the *good things* your two last contained. Your *Brownie* is very fine. Something near the outline of your story Scott had picked up, but yours is so *rich* and *full* that I do not think it worth while, when I print it, to give the reader notice of any resemblance. I have now a clear ken of a *curious* book, on which we can pride ourselves notwithstanding much *criticism*, which I plainly see it will beget. I have got a famous motto for the book—"Remains of *Nithsdale* and *Galloway* Song: with Historical and Traditional Notices relative to the Manners and Customs of the Peasantry, now first published by *R. H. Cromek.*

"We marked each memorable scene
And held poetic talk between;—
Nor hill, nor brook, we paced along,
But had its LEGEND or its SONG:
All silent now.—"

The variations of *Tibbie Fowler* are very good, and the Notices also. From the specimen you have given in your

Brownie I have every hope, from your other characteristic Tales, they will do wonders for our Ballads. I think you show the richness and pleasantry of your genius in these stories as much as in any sort of composition.

Do let us see you as *early in April* as you can. I think it would be best to go to Leith, and thence by sea to London; but more of this in due time. You may return by Liverpool when you do return.

I have engaged a scribe to make a fair copy of the materials for our volume, with the various notes &c., in their proper places. Let me remind you not to forget the games of "*England* and *Scotland*," &c., &c.,—there is no haste for them. As to the *Cutty Stool*, I don't know if it would be *politically* good to write about it; if I should, I shall do it with a "noble daring." I fear I am not sufficiently *familiar* with it to do it justice; try *your* hand, *i. e.* if you think it worth shot. What a grand thing in the hands of Burns!

I beg you will not be afraid your communications will swell my volume too much: even a *small* volume has a *great* swallow. Did I ever ask you to write six lines (when I say *six* I only mean that number) of introduction to the old ballad, the Wife of Auchtermuchty: it is a fine thing, and I wish to use it.

I beg of you not to approach me without some *Relique* of *Burns*. The Plough that he turned up the Mouse's nest with *will do*, or if you can trace any of the descendants of his "Mountain Daisy," bring one in the button-hole of your coat, or "*his* Ox, or his Ass, OR ANY THING THAT WAS HIS." Adieu, very sincerely,

Your affectionate friend,

R. H. CROMEK.

As to Burns' Apostrophe to old and forgotten Bards, it is exquisitely beautiful and tender. I do not think it would do as a Motto, because, if you *reason* on the effect produced on your feelings, you will find that much of its

beauty arises from the circumstance of so great a poet as Burns himself sympathising with those Sons of Genius. Coming from a mere Editor, the effect would be considerably diminished.

The motto from Burns, however, was the one subsequently adopted.

Cromek in his next letter speaks with still greater confidence of the success of the work.

To Mr. Allan Cunningham.

64, Newman Street,
22*nd Feb.* 1810.

My dear Allan,

I have got safe your last, containing the account of the Cutty Stool. Though "rüde and rough," yet it is "ready witted," and exceedingly to my wishes and purpose. I have been re-writing, and I hope you will think well of what I have done. I *think* I have given *still more* vigour to the strong parts, I have heightened the *pathos*, and I have aimed at a burst of eloquent indignation. But you shall see it and judge for yourself; I say you shall see it, because I have the work fairly transcribed, and I mean to indulge your longing een with a sight of this precious volume by Johnston's next parcel. But, except your own, take care no *mortal eyes keek in;* however, in this act as you think fit, only be cautious not to divulge the *secrets* of the Prison House. I shall send you the book, because you will then see my plan, and you may suggest hints of improvement, such as what we further want in illustration.

You will see that I have enriched the text wherever I could by notes, and I have connected my remarks with the text, and this incorporation will preserve whatever consequence and value they may have. I regret that the notice of *Brownie* must appear in a note, but it cannot be helped,

it is too curious and novel to be overlooked even by the most indolent reader. You will see we want the *sports* and *pastimes* alluded to in some of the poetry, and the Life of Lowe,* but if you have the materials, bring them with you and write the descriptions here.

The Cutty Stool you have done with *great ability*. I want a short notice of your lassie, which I will introduce by way of note to the bottom of the ballad of *Derwentwater*. As to Lady Nithsdale's letter, I hope you have not been at the trouble of copying it, as I have got from Edinburgh the number of the Scots Magazine, in which it originally appeared. I only wish you to compare a printed copy with the manuscript and mark the difference, if any; I want the date of it and the direction.

You have not yet informed me of the authority on which you found the interesting anecdote of Murray's treachery. It is absolutely necessary. When you have read this book I shall be miserable if it is not to your taste. It *must* excite much curiosity. I have a notion it will prove a precious crust for the critics.

God bless you, my dear friend.

R. H. Cromek.

Wherever he went, Cromek talked of his forthcoming volume. "Gad, Sir! such a volume! Mr. Grahame has seen it, and commends it highly; but I don't show it to every one."

To Mr. Allan Cunningham.

22*nd March*, 1810.

My dear Allan,

As the booksellers are *determined* to put our Nithsdale book *immediately* to the press, I write to beg that if it suit you, you will set off as soon as possible; you

* Author of "Mary's Dream."

must "buckle an' come away." Pray send me the book by the *very first* mail, and '*taking the beuk*' with it.

Mr. Grahame, the author of the *Sabbath*, is in town. His opinion is high indeed of the volume; it will do us all good, I hope. Write to me by return of post if you can, if but a line, and say when you think you will leave Scotland; at all events forward the book. The verses on Cowehill will be a great acquisition, from what you say of them.

I am not angry with the booksellers for their *resolute* conduct; on the contrary, I think the sooner the volume is out the better. Indeed, if it is not ready in two months, the season, as it is called, will be lost.

God bless you with all my heart.

R. H. C.

As the volume advances, Cromek is all anxiety to have his assistant by his side. In the following letter he refers again to the London journey, which was now positively agreed upon :—

To Mr. Allan Cunningham.

28th March, 1810.

My dear Allan,

I have received by this day's mail the welcome news of your intended departure from Dumfries. My family rejoice most heartily with me. The firing of the Park and Tower guns announcing a grand victory, would not have interested any of us *half as much*. I am very glad you showed the volume to Mrs. Copland and her niece, and from what you say, I am also happy that the printing has only just begun, and shall stop the press till I see you. I hope to receive the volume by to-morrow's mail, and be assured I shall hold your pencil-marks most sacred.

One of the luckiest things that could have happened was the late visit from Mr. Grahame; the work will derive in-

finite advantage from his remarks. He augurs it a most warm reception from the public. But when you come, and when we lay our heads together, I am certain several things will be added, and others materially improved.

Now for your *amphibious* journey. I advise you not to stop at Edinburgh at all, and as I know you will take this counsel, I have not enclosed a letter—except, on second thoughts, you *must* call for a moment on Mrs. Fletcher; and in case she should not be in town, and to guard against the carelessness of servants, write your name on a slip of paper and leave it with the message—that you were passing through Edinburgh to London. If you see her, say you are coming to me on a visit, and make my kindest respects to her. Then proceed to Leith and stay all night at an inn—don't attempt to come in any part of the ship but the principal cabin on *any account*. I mention this, because from some mistaken idea of saving a guinea, you may suffer much personal inconvenience. Keep as much on the deck as possible. R. H. C.

In consequence of this letter the poet set sail from Scotland, and arriving in London on the day Sir Francis Burdett was sent to the Tower, (6th April, 1810,) made his way (wondering as he went) to Cromek's house, No. 64, Newman Street, where he was lodged till the Nithsdale and Galloway volume was fairly through the printer's hands.

Though Cromek drew largely on his young friend for notes and illustrations, it was not long before the work was ready; and my father, quitting Mr. Cromek's house, sought employment as a mason in some of the studios in London. This he soon obtained,

and he was working with Bubb the sculptor on six-and-twenty shillings a week, when in November 1810 the Nithsdale and Galloway volume was published by Cadell and Davies in the Strand. It really is a handsome volume; the printing is in Bensley's best manner, the paper excellent, and on the title-page is a clever wood-cut by Clennell, from a design by Stothard.

The volume was well received; critics in conversation spoke of the exquisite lyrics which their accomplished and fortunate friend had picked up in the hitherto barren regions of Nithsdale and Galloway; and the reviewers, following in the same strain, bore testimony to the natural truth and elegance of many of the smaller pieces. No one suspected a cheat; Cromek's reputation (through the Reliques and the Select Scottish Songs) seemed sufficient security against that; and as for the mason mentioned in the Introduction, no one could suspect for a moment that he could have written anything at least one-half as good. There were judges, however, too competent to be mistaken. Bishop Percy looked into the volume (it was one of the last he lived to read), and boldly pronounced that the poems were too good to be old: Sir Walter Scott shook his head and asked about Allan Cunningham; and Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, declared, wherever he went, "that Allan Cunningham was the author

of all that was beautiful in the work." "When," says Hogg, "Cromek's Nithsdale and Galloway Relics came to my hand, I at once discerned the strains of my friend, and I cannot describe with what sensations of delight I first heard Mr. Morrison read 'The Mermaid of Galloway,' while at every verse I kept naming the author. Gray, of the High School, who had an attachment to Cromek, denied it positively on his friend's authority. Grieve joined him. Morrison, I saw, had strong lurking suspicions; but then he stickled for the ancient genius of Galloway. When I went to Sir Walter Scott (then Mr. Scott), I found him decidedly of the same opinion as myself; and he said he wished to God we had that valuable and original young man fairly out of Cromek's hands again." Not content with mere asseveration, he tried to convince others by writing a review of the work; "I next wrote a review of the work, in which I laid the saddle on the right horse, and sent it to Mr. Jeffrey; but, after retaining it for some time, he returned it with a note, saying, that he had read over the article and was convinced of the fraud which had been attempted to be played off on the public, but he did not think it worthy of exposure. I have the article and card by me to this day."*

* Altrive Tales by the Ettrick Shepherd, 12mo. 1832. vol. 1, p. cxxxv.

When Cromek gave a copy of the book to his young friend, he accompanied it, as my father told me, with this remark. "It has been a costly work, and I have made nothing by it, but it is d—d good, let the critics say what they will; and when it goes to a second edition I will give you something handsome. In the meantime I think I can find something for you to do." "These words," said my father, "were the introduction to a walk, which took us to the shop of Rossi the sculptor; but failing to find better employment for me with Rossi, he next asked Chantrey, then a young man, to give me an engagement; but Chantrey had hardly work at the time for a single pair of hands. So nothing was done then, and in the meantime Cromek died, and I quitted Bubb and took to the newspapers. But late hours, in heated galleries, threw me into an indifferent state of health, and I determined on returning to the trade I was apprenticed to. Bubb, hearing of my intentions, ran chuckling to Chantrey about the capital Scotchman he was likely to get back again, when Chantrey, remembering what Cromek had told him about me, and having more work than he had before, sent and offered me terms, humble enough, but such as I was glad to accept, and as much as at that period Chantrey could afford. Bubb was angry with Chantrey, and I believe with me as well. But there

was no agreement between us, and as matters have turned out, Bubb *v.* Chantrey, I think I made a wise selection."—At another time he observed to me —"Whether my quitting the newspapers and engaging with Chantrey was or was not a judicious step, I at least owe something to Cromek, and I always think of him, if not with gratitude, at least with feelings of affection and esteem."

Professor Wilson was the first who, in Hogg's expressive phrase, laid the saddle on the right horse, and drew public attention to the poetry to be found in Cromek's volume. "We have fallen into this train of thought," says the Reviewer in Blackwood's Magazine for December 1819, "with a little volume of poetry lying before us, which we believe attracted considerable attention eight or ten years ago, when it was first published, and over which there has all along been felt to hang something of a mystery. For our own part we believe that the most beautiful things in it are not poems of the olden time at all, but have been created by a man of genius still alive, in the very spirit of antiquity. The late Mr. Cromek was a man of considerable enthusiasm and ability, but he knew little about poetry, and absolutely nothing about the poetry of Scotland. He was precisely that kind of person to believe everything he was told on that subject, and having a vague notion that the tradi-

tional songs of Scotland were pathetic and beautiful, he was ready to accept as such, all verses written in the Scottish dialect, that breathed the sentiments and passions of lowly rural life. In Dumfriesshire he became acquainted with Mr. Allan Cunningham, at that time a common stonemason, and certainly one of the most original poets Scotland has produced, who communicated to him a vast quantity of most amusing and interesting information concerning the manners and customs of the people of Nithsdale and Galloway. Much of this is to be found in the appendix to this volume. That appendix is ostensibly written by Mr. Cromek, and perhaps a few sentences here and there are from his pen; but no person of ordinary penetration can for a moment doubt that as a whole it was fairly composed and written out by the hand of Allan Cunningham. Everything is treated of in the familiar and earnest style of a man speaking of what he has known from his youth upwards, and of what has influenced and even formed the happiness of his life. . . . But the best of the poetry too belongs to Allan Cunningham. Can the most credulous person believe that Mr. Cromek, an Englishman, an utter stranger in Scotland, should have been able, in a few days' walk through Nithsdale and Galloway, to collect, not a few broken fragments of poetry only, but a number of finished and perfect

poems, of whose existence none of the inquisitive literary men or women of Scotland had ever before heard, and that too in the very country which Robert Burns had beaten to its every bush? But independently of all this, the poems speak for themselves and for Allan Cunningham. The following beautiful song, 'Thou hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie,' though boldly said to have been written during the days of the Covenant, cannot, as we feel, be thought of in any other light but an exquisite imitation."

Nothing can be more discriminatingly beautiful than the language of the review throughout, and my father, I know, always spoke of the real service that the review had been to him. But it had another effect, perhaps unknown to its celebrated writer. It was the means of inducing the poet, whose youthful verses it commends so highly, to resume his pen. Nine years had elapsed since the publication of Cromek's volume, and in that period he had written little or nothing beyond a single lyric. His reputation was now established, and booksellers called and solicited him to write. The result is well known; some thirty volumes at the least of Works, and ample materials for perhaps ten more.

Such is a true, and, as far as I can give it, a full account of the publication of Cromek's volume; and it only remains for me to add that the author of

the following Poems and Songs was born at Blackwood, near Dumfries, on the 7th Dec. 1784; and dying in London on the 29th Oct. 1842, was buried in the General Cemetery at Kensal Green, where his grave is marked by a tomb of solid granite, erected by his widow and five surviving children.

P. C.

Victoria Road, Kensington,
10th March.

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Part the First.

IMITATIONS OF THE OLD BALLAD JACOBITE RELIQUES, &c.

FROM

CROMEK'S REMAINS OF NITHSDALE AND GALLOWAY SONG. 8vo, 1810.

PART THE FIRST.

I.

THE LORD'S MARIE.

THE Lord's Marie has kepp'd her locks
Up wi' a gowden kame,
An' she has put on her net-silk hose,
An' awa' to the tryste has gane.
O saft, saft fell the dew on her locks,
An' saft, saft on her brow;
Ae sweet drap fell on her strawberrie lip,
An' I kiss'd it aff, I trow!

'O where gat ye that leal maiden,
Sae jimpy laced an' sma'?
An' where gat ye that young damsel,
Wha dings our lasses a'?'
O where gat ye that bonnie, bonnie lass,
Wi' heaven in her ee?
O here 's ae drap o' the damask wine:
Sweet maiden, will ye pree?'

Fu' white, white was her taper neck,
Twist wi' the satin twine,
But ruddie, ruddie grew her hawse,
While she supp'd the blude-red wine.
'Come, here 's thy health, young stranger doo,
Wha wears the gowden kame ;—
This night will mony drink thy health,
An ken na wha to name.'

'Play me up *Sweet Marie,*' I cry'd,
An' loud the piper blew,—
But the fiddler play'd ay *Struntum strum,*
An' down his bow he threw.
'Now here 's thy health i' the red, red wine,
Fair dame o' the stranger land !
For never a pair of een before
Could mar my gude bow-hand.'

Her lips were a cloven hinney-cherrie,
Ripe tempting to the sight ;
Her locks, o'er alabaster brows,
Fell like the morning light.
An' O ! her hinney breath raised her locks,
As through the dance she flew,
While love laugh'd out in her bright blue ee,
An' dwalt on her rosie mou'.

'Loose hings yere broider'd gowd garter :
Fair ladie, dare I speak ?'

She, trembling, raised her snowy hand
To her red, red flushing cheek.
'Ye 've drapt yere broach o' the beaten gowd,
Thou Lord's daughter sae gay:'
The tears swam bright in her bonnie blue ee:
'O come, O come away!—

'O haste, unbar the siller bolt,—
To my chamber let me win,
An' tak this kiss, thou peasant youth,
For—I daur na let ye in.
An' tak,' quo she, 'this kame o' gowd,
Wi' this tress o' yellow hair;
For meikle my beating heart forebodes
I never maun meet ye mair!'*

* The Editor is indebted to Mrs. Copland of Dalbeaty, in Galloway, for this song, and for the following notices and remarks respecting it.

"This old song is founded on a traditional story of a daughter of the Lord Maxwell, of Nithsdale, accompanying, in disguise, a peasant to a rustic dancing tryste. 'The Lord's daughter sae gay,' was discovered through the disguise of her rustic habiliments. Tradition places the song at the Revolution, 1688. The langunge is more modern, but the ideas belong to that period."—CROMEK.

II.

BONNIE LADY ANNE.

THERE 'S kames o' hinney 'tween my love's lips,
An' gowd amang her hair,
Her breasts are lapt in a holie veil:
Nae mortal een keek there.
What lips dare kiss, or what hand dare touch,
Or what arm o' love dare span
The hinney lips, the creamy loof,
Or the waist o' Lady Anne?

She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose,
Wat wi' the blobs o' dew;
But gentle lip, nor simple lip,
Maun touch her lady mou';
But a broider'd belt wi' a buckle o' gowd,
Her jimpy waist maun span.
O, she 's an armfu' fit for heaven,
My bonnie Lady Anne!

Her bower casement is latticed wi' flowers
Tied up wi' silver thread,
An' comely sits she in the midst,
Men's longing een to feed.

She waves the ringlets frae her cheek,
Wi' her milky, milky han',
An' her cheeks seem touch'd wi' the finger o' God,
My bonnie Lady Anne!

The morning cloud is tassel'd wi' gowd,
Like my love's broider'd cap,
An' on the mantle which my love wears
Is monie a gowden drap.
Her bonnie eebree 's a holie arch
Cast by nae earthly han',
An' the breath o' God 's atween the lips
O' my bonnie Lady Anne!

I am her father's gard'ner lad,
An' poor, poor is my fa';
My auld mither gets my sair-won fee,
Wi' fatherless bairnies twa:
But my Lady comes, my Lady gaes
Wi' a fou and kindly han':
O, the blessing o' God maun mix wi' my love,
An' fa' on Lady Anne!*

* There is a variation in the last verse well worth preserving. Indeed a deal of unseemly chaff had intermixed with the heavy grain, which has cost a little winnowing and sieving.

'I am her daddie's gardener lad,
An' poor, poor is my fa';
My auld mither gets my sair-won fee,
Wi' fatherless bairns twa.
My een are bauld, they dwall on a place
Where I darena mint my han',
But I water, and tend, and kiss the flowers
O' my bonnie Lady Anne.'

CROMEK.

III.

SHE 'S GANE TO DWALL IN HEAVEN.

SHE 'S gane to dwall in heaven, my lassie,
She 's gane to dwall in heaven :
'Ye 're owre pure,' quo' the voice o' God,
'For dwalling out o' heaven !'

O what 'll she do in heaven, my lassie ?
O what 'll she do in heaven ?
She 'll mix her ain thoughts wi' angels' sangs,
An' make them mair meet for heaven.

She was beloved by a', my lassie,
She was beloved by a' ;
But an angel fell in love wi' her,
An' took her frae us a'.

Lowly there thou lies, my lassie,
Lowly there thou lies ;
A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird,
Nor frae it will arise !

Fu' soon I 'll follow thee, my lassie,
Fu' soon I 'll follow thee;
Thou left me naught to covet ahin',
But took gudeness sel' wi' thee.

I looked on thy death-cold face, my lassie,
I looked on thy death-cold face;
Thou seemed a lily new cut i' the bud,
An' fading in its place.

I looked on thy death-shut eye, my lassie,
I looked on thy death-shut eye;
An' a lovelier light in the brow of heaven
Fell Time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy and calm, my lassie,
Thy lips were ruddy and calm;
But gane was the holy breath o' heaven
That sang the evening Psalm.

There 's naught but dust now mine, lassie,
There 's naught but dust now mine;
My soul 's wi' thee i' the cauld grave,
An' why should I stay behin'!*

* This ballad is said to be written about the time of the Reformation, on a daughter of the Laird Maxwell, of Cowehill, on the banks of the Nith, called by the peasantry, 'The lilie of Nithsdale.' 'She faded in her place' at the age of nineteen.—CROMEK.

IV.

THOU HAST SWORN BY THY GOD, MY JEANIE.

THOU hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie,
By that pretty white hand o' thine,
And by a' the lowing stars in heaven,
That thou wad ay be mine!
And I hae sworn by my God, my Jeanie,
And by that kind heart o' thine,
By a' the stars sown thick owre heaven,
That thou shalt ay be mine!

Then foul fa' the hands that wad loose sic bands,
An' the heart that wad part sic love;
But there 's nae hand can loose the band,
Save the finger o' God above.
Tho' the wee, wee cot maun be my bield,
An' my claithing e'er sae mean,
I wad lap me up rich i' the faulds o' love,
Heaven's armfu' o' my Jean!

Her white arm wad be a pillow to me,
Fu' safter than the down,
An Love wad winnow owre us his kind, kind, wings
An' sweetly I 'd sleep an' soun'.
Come here to me, thou lass o' my love,
Come here and kneel wi' me ;
The morning is fu' o' the presence o' God,
An' I canna pray but thee.

The morn-wind is sweet 'mang the beds o' new flowers,
The wee birds sing kindly an' hie,
Our gude-man leans owre his kail-yard dyke,
An' a blythe auld body is he.
The Book maun be taen whan the carle comes hame,
Wi' the holie psalmodie,
And thou maun speak o' me to thy God,
And I will speak o' thee ! *

* In that violent persecution in the reigns of James the Seventh, and the second Charles, one of the persecuted preachers took refuge among the wild hills behind Kirkmahoe, in the county of Dumfries. On a beautiful green-topped hill, called the *Wardlaw*, was raised a pulpit of sods, where he preached to his congregation. General *Dalzell* hastened on with his dragoons, and dispersed the assembly :—this consecrated the spot. Our worthy old patriarch, in the fine sabbath evenings, would go with his wife and children to the Wardlaw, though some miles of rough road distant,—seat himself in the preacher's place, and '*take the Beuk*,' with his family around him. He kneeled down, and with all the flow of religious eloquence, held converse with his God. This song was his favourite, and he usually sung it at Halloweens, at Kirk-suppers, and other Trystes.—CROMEK.

V.

THE BROKEN HEART OF ANNIE.

HERE 'S a dud to hap its head,
An' a clout to rowe the feetie o 't,—
Here 's twa arms can nurse it weel,
Twa een can greet wi' pity o 't.
But where 's my mither a' the while?
She 'll hear the wee, wee greetie o 't.

O lie thee still, my sweet, wee babe,
Lift nae thy white wee hannie, O;
Thou art thy father frae the chin to the ee,
But sae fause as him thou cannie, O.
O, if thou pruive as fause as him
Thou hast nae 't frae thy mammie, O.

* * * *

It 's nae thy gowd, nor thy siller clear,
Nor thy laced caps sae bonnie, O,
Can gie me back that peace I tint,
Or heal the heart of Annie, O!—
But speak to thy God of the vows ye broke,
For ye hae broken monie, O.

VI.

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

CAULD winter is awa', my love,
And Spring is in her prime,
The breath o' heaven stirs a' to life,
The grasshoppers to chime:
The birds canna contain themsels
Upon the sprouting tree,
But loudly, loudly sing o' love—
A theme which pleaseth me.

The blackbird is a pawkie loun,
An' kens the gate o' love;
Fu' weel the sleekit mavis kens
The melting lilt maun move.
The gowdspink woos in gentle note,
And ever singeth he,
'Come here, come here, my spousal dame'—
A theme which pleaseth me.

What says the sangster rose-linnet?
His breast is beating high:
'Come here, come here, my ruddy mate,
The gate o' love to try.'
The lav'rock calls his freckled mate,
Frae near the sun's ee-bree,
'Come, make on the knowe our nest, my love'—
A theme which pleaseth me.

The hares hae brought forth twins, my love,
Sae has the cushat doo;
The raven croaks a softer way,
His sooty love to woo:
And nought but love, love breathes around,
Frae hedge, frae field, an' tree,
Soft whispering love to Jeanie's heart—
A theme which pleaseth me.

O lassie, is thy heart mair hard
Than mavis on the bough?
Say, maun the hale creation wed,
And Jean remain to woo?
Say, has the holy lowe o' love
Ne'er lighten'd in your ee?
O! if thou canst na feel for pain,
Thou art nae theme for me!*

* This song was procured from the young girl who preserved the stanzas beginning 'She's gane to dwall in Heaven.' —CROMEK.

VII.

THE LOVELY LASS OF PRESTON MILL.

THE lark had left the evening cloud,
The dew fell saft, the wind was lowne,
Its gentle breath amang the flowers
Scarce stirred the thistle's tap o' down ;
The dappled swallow left the pool,
The stars were blinking owre the hill,
As I met, amang the hawthorns green,
The lovely lass of Preston Mill.

Her naked feet, amang the grass,
Shone like twa dew-gemmed lilies fair ;
Her brow shone comely 'mang her locks,
Dark curling owre her shoulders bare ;
Her cheeks were rich wi' bloomy youth ;
Her lips had words and wit at will,
And heaven seemed looking through her een,
The lovely lass of Preston Mill.

Quo' I, 'Sweet lass, will ye gang wi' me,
Where blackcocks craw, and plovers cry?
Six hills are woolly wi' my sheep,
Six vales are lowing wi' my kye:
I hae looked lang for a weel-faur'd lass,
By Nithsdale's holmes an' monie a hill;'—
She hung her head like a dew-bent rose,
The lovely lass of Preston Mill.

Quo' I, 'Sweet maiden, look nae down,
But gie's a kiss, and gang wi' me:'
A lovelier face, O! never looked up,
And the tears were drapping frae her ee:
'I hae a lad, wha's far awa',
That weel could win a woman's will;
My heart's already fu' o' love,'
Quo' the lovely lass of Preston Mill.

'Now wha is he wha could leave sic a lass,
To seek for love in a far countree?'—
Her tears drapped down like simmer dew:
I fain wad kissed them frae her ee.
I took but ane o' her comely cheek;
'For pity's sake, kind Sir, be still!
My heart is fu' o' other love,'
Quo' the lovely lass of Preston Mill.

She stretched to heaven her twa white hands,
And lifted up her watery ee;—

'Sae lang 's my heart kens aught o' God,
Or light is gladsome to my ee;—
While woods grow green, and burns rin clear,
Till my last drap o' blood be still,
My heart shall haud nae other love,'
Quo' the lovely lass of Preston Mill.

There 's comely maids on Dee's wild banks,
And Nith's romantic vale is fu';
By lanely Cluden's hermit stream
Dwells monie a gentle dame, I trow!
O, they are lights of a gladsome kind,
As ever shone on vale or hill;
But there 's a light puts them a' out,
The lovely lass of Preston Mill! *

* Preston Mill is a little rustic village in the parish of Kirkbean on the Galloway side of the Solway; it consists of some dozen or so of thatched cottages, grouped together without regularity, yet beautiful from their situation on the banks of a wild burn which runs or rather tumbles through it, scarcely staying to turn a mill from which the place takes its name.—*Author's Note.*

VIII.

GANE WERE BUT THE WINTER CAULD.

GANE were but the winter cauld,
And gane were but the snaw,
I could sleep in the wild woods,
Where primroses blaw.

Cauld 's the snaw at my head,
And cauld at my feet,
And the finger o' death 's at my een,
Closing them to sleep.

Let nane tell my father,
Or my mither sae dear:
I 'll meet them baith in heaven,
At the spring o' the year.

IX.

THE EWE-BUGHTS.

THE lark dried his dewy wings i' the sun,
Aboon the rigs o' barley,
When a bonnie lad came to my window bredd,
Wi' me to haud a parley :
'O are ye sleeping, my bonnie, bonnie lass,
Or are ye wauken I ferlie ?
Will ye rise an' come to the faulds wi' me ?
Our ewes are bleating sairlie.'

First I pat on my jupes sae green,
An' kilted my coaties rarely ;
Awa' I gaed but stockings or shoon
Amang the dews sae pearlie !
He played his hand 'mang my lang brown hair,
An' kittled my white cheek fairlie,
Till his een o'erbrimmed wi' kin', kin' love,
An' haith ! I pitied him sairlie.

The sun it raise, an' better raise,
An' owre the hills lowed rarely;
The wee lark sang, an' higher sang
Aboon the bearded barley.
We touzled sae lang on the sunny knowe-side,
Whare the gowan-heads hang pearlie,
That the bluidy, bluidy Tod had worried a' the faul',
An' left my lad fu' barely.*

* This song was communicated to the Editor by his friend Allan Cunningham, who learned it when a boy, from a servant-girl belonging to his father, an honest cultivated farmer, an acquaintance and neighbour of Burns, when he lived at Ellisland. He never heard any one sing it but herself.—CROMEK.

See Song No. lv.

X.

DERWENTWATER.

O Derwentwater's a bonnie lord,
Fu' yellow is his hair,
And bright-o'-blee wi' a hawking ee,
And kind love dwalling there.

Yestreen he came to our lord's yett,
An' loud, loud cou'd he ca' :
'Rise up, rise up, for gude King James,
An' buckle, and come awa'.'

Our lady held her ain dear lord,
Wi' weel love-locked hands ;
But Lord Derwent sued, with so sweet a mood,
That she loosed the snawy bands.

An' when young Derwentwater said,
'My gentle fair ladie,'
The tears gave way to the glow o' love,
In our gude Lady's ee.

* * * *

O never a word our lady spake,
As he press'd her snawy hand,
An' never a word our lady spake,
As her jimpy waist he spann'd;
But 'O! my Derwentwater,' she sigh'd,
When his glowing lips she fand.

Our lady look'd frae the turret-top,
As lang as she could see;
And every sigh for her gude lord,
For Derwent there were three.*

* * * *

* The Editor cannot find any tradition on which this ballad is founded; it is taken from the recitation of a young girl in the parish of Kirkbean, in Galloway.—CROMEK.
Inserted in Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, vol. ii., Song 10.

XI.

THE WEE, WEE GERMAN LAIRDIE.

WHA the deil hae we got for a King,
But a wee, wee German lairdie!
An' when we gade to bring him hame,
He was delving in his kail-yardie.
Sheughing kail an' dibbling leeks,
Scarce of hose and scant o' breeks,
Up his beggar duds he cleeks,
The wee, wee German lairdie.

An' he 's clapt down in our gudeman's chair,
The wee, wee German lairdie;
O' stinking weeds he 's brought the seeds,
An' sawed them in our yardie.
He 's pu'd the rose o' English clowns,
An' brak the harp o' Irish lowns,
But the thristle tap will jag his thumbs,
The wee, wee German lairdie.

Come up amang the Highland hills,
Thou wee, wee German lairdie ;
An' see how Charlie's lang kail thrive,
He dibblit in his yardie.
An' if a stock ye daur to pu',
Or haud the yoking of a pleugh,
We 'll break yere sceptre o'er yere mou',
Thou wee bit German lairdie.

Our hills are steep, our glens are deep,
Nor fitting for a yardie ;
An' our norlan' thristles winna pu',
Thou wee, wee German lairdie !
An' we 've the trenching blades o' weir,
Wad twine ye o' yere German gear ;
An' pass ye 'neath the claymore's shear,
Thou feckless German lairdie ! *

* 'The wee, wee German lairdie' is one of the most spirited songs existing. It is copied from Cromek's Nithsdale and Galloway Relics, all save three lines taken from an older collection.—Hogg, *Jac. Rel.*, i. 262.

XII.

IT 'S HAME, AND IT 'S HAME.

IT 'S hame, and it 's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it 's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!
When the flower is i' the bud and the leaf is on the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countree;
It 's hame, and it 's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it 's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!

The green leaf o' loyaltie 's beginning for to fa',
The bonnie white rose it is withering an' a';
But I 'll water 't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
An' green it will grow in my ain countree.
It 's hame, and it 's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it 's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!

There 's naught now frae ruin my country can save,
But the keys o' kind heaven to open the grave,
That a' the noble martyrs who died for loyaltie,
May rise again and fight for their ain countree.
It 's hame, and it 's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it 's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!

The great now are gane, a' who ventured to save,
The new grass is springing on the tap o' their grave;
But the sun thro' the mirk blinks blythe in my ee:
'I 'll shine on ye yet in your ain countree.'
It 's hame, and it 's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it 's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree! *

* 'Hame, Hame, Hame,' is taken from Cromek; and sore do I suspect that we are obliged to the same masterly hand for it with the two preceding ones.—Hogg, *Jac. Rel.*, i. 294.

I am glad you are about Scottish song. No man — not Robert Burns himself — has contributed more beautiful effusions to enrich it. Here and there I would pluck a flower from your posy, to give what remains an effect of greater simplicity; but luxuriance can only be the fault of genius, and many of your songs are, I think, unmatched. I would instance 'It 's hame, and it 's hame,' which my daughter Mrs. Lockhart sings with such uncommon effect.—Sir Walter Scott. *Lockhart's Life.*

XIII.

THE SUN RISES BRIGHT IN FRANCE.

THE sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he;
But he has tint the blythe blink he had
In my ain countree.

O it 's nae my ain ruin
That saddens ay my ee,
But the dear Marie I left ahin',
Wi' sweet bairnies three.

My lanely hearth burn'd bonnie,
An' smiled my ain Marie;
I 've left a' my heart behin',
In my ain countree.

The bud comes back to summer,
And the blossom to the bee,
But I 'll win back—O never
To my ain countree.

O I am leal to high Heaven,
Where soon I hope to be,
An' there I 'll meet ye a' soon,
Frae my ain countree! *

* 'The Sun rises bright in France' is a sweet old thing, very popular both in Scotland and England. I got some stanzas from Surtees of Mainsforth; but those printed are from Cromek. It is uncertain to what period the song refers.—Hogg, *Jac. Rel.*, ii. 355.

XIV.

THE WAES O' SCOTLAND.

WHEN I left thee, bonnie Scotland,
Thou wert fair to see,
Fresh as a bonnie bride i' the morn
When she maun wedded be!

When I came back to thee, Scotland,
Upon a May-morn fair,
A bonnie lass sat at our town-en',
Kaming her yellow hair.

'O hey! O hey!' sung the bonnie lass,
'O hey! an' wae's me!
There 's joy to the Whigs, an' land to the Whigs,
An' nought but wae to me!

'O hey! O hey!' sung the bonnie lass,
'O hey! an' wae's me!
There 's siccan sorrow in Scotland,
As een did never see.

'O hey! O hey for my father auld!
O hey! for my mither dear!
An' my heart will burst for the bonnie lad
Wha left me lanesome here!'

I had na gane in my ain Scotland
Mae miles than twa or three,
When I saw the head o' my ain father
Coming up the gate to me.

'*A traitor's head!*' and '*a traitor's head!*'
Loud bawled a bluidy loon;
But I drew frae the sheath my glaive o' weir,
An' strak the reaver down.

I hied me hame to my father's ha';
Alas and alack ance!
My dear mither lay 'mang the ashes gray,
And the death-tear in her ee.

'O wha has wrought this bluidy wark?
Had I the reaver here,
I 'd wash his sark in his ain heart's blude,
And gie 't to his love to wear!'

I wander a' night 'mang the lands I own'd,
When a' folk are asleep,
And lie owre my father and mither's grave,
An hour or twa o' weep!

O fatherless and motherless,
Without a ha' or hame,
I maun wander through my ain Scotland,
And bide a traitor's blame.*

* 'The Waes o' Scotland' is copied from Cromek's work, where it first appeared. I am afraid it is not very ancient, as it bears strong marks of the hand of the ingenious Allan Cunningham, one of the brightest poetical geniuses that ever Scotland bred, yet who in that light has been utterly neglected. I do not, however, take it on me to say that the song is modern; but any one acquainted with Cunningham's poetry will easily remark the strong resemblance. His manner is too peculiar ever to be mistaken for that of any other. However, under such authorities as Cromek and Cunningham, it would have been blamable to have left so good a song out of the collection from bare suspicion.—Hogg, *Jac. Rel.*, i. 292.

'The Waes o' Scotland' is also modern. This we have always suspected, and we have occasion to know that Mr. Scott has ever been of the same opinion.—Professor Wilson. *Blackwood's Mag. for Dec.* 1819.

Against this song in Hogg's MS. collection for the Jacobite Relics, now before me, Sir Walter has written 'modern.' Against 'It's Hame and it's Hame,' I observe in the same unmistakeable hand-writing, "modern. Mr. Thomson, town-clerk of Jedburgh, has the old words."

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

THERE liv'd a lass in Inverness,
She was the pride of a' the town,
Blythe as the lark on gowan-tap,
Whan frae the nest but newly flown.
At kirk she wan the auld folks' luve,
At dance she wan the young men's een;
She was the blythest ay o' the blythe,
At wooster-trystes or Halloween.

As I came in by Inverness,
The simmer-sun was sinking down,
O there I saw the weel-faur'd lass,
And she was greeting through the town.
The gray-haired men were a' i' the streets,
And auld dames crying, (sad to see!)
'The flower o' the lads of Inverness
Lie dead upon Culloden-lee!'

She tore her haffet-links of gowd,
And dighted ay her comely ee;
'My father's head 's on Carlisle wall,
At Preston sleep my brethren three!
I thought my heart could haud nae mair,
Mae tears could ever blin' my ee;
But the fa' o' ane has burst my heart,
A dearer ane there couldna be!

'He trysted me o' love yestreen,
Of love-tokens he gave me three;
But he 's faulded i' the arms o' weir,
O ne'er again to think o' me!
The forest-flowers shall be my bed,
My food shall be the wild-berrie,
The fa' o' the leaf shall co'er me cauld,
And wauken'd again I winna be.'

O weep, O weep, ye Scottish dames,
Weep till ye blin' a mither's ee;
Nae reeking ha' in fifty miles, ...
But naked corses sad to see.
O spring is blythesome to the year,
Trees sprout, flowers spring, and birds sing hie;
But oh! what spring can raise them up,
That lie on dread Cullòden-lee?

The hand o' God hung heavy here,
And lightly touched foul tyrannie!
It struck the righteous to the ground,
And lifted the destroyer hie.
'But there 's a day,' quo' my God in prayer,
'When righteousness shall bear the gree;
I 'll rake the wicked low i' the dust,
And wauken, in bliss, the gude man's ee!' *

* This beautiful song is from Cromek. Who can doubt that it is by Allan Cunningham, or suppose such a song really remained in Nithsdale unknown to Burns?—Hogg, *Jac. Rel.*, ii. 356.

XVI.

CARLISLE YETTS.

WHITE was the rose in his gay bonnet,
As he faulded me in his broached plaidie ;
His hand whilk clasped the truth o' love,
O it was ay in battle readie !
His lang lang hair in yellow hanks,
Waved o'er his cheeks sae sweet and ruddie ;
But now they wave o'er Carlisle yetts
In dripping ringlets soil'd and bluidie.

My father's blood 's in that flower-tap,
My brother's in that hare-bell's blossom,
This white rose was steeped in my love's blood,
An' I 'll ay wear it in my bosom.

* * * *

When I came first by merry Carlisle,
Was ne'er a town sae sweetly seeming ;
The White Rose flaunted owre the wall,
The thristled banners far were streaming !
When I came next by merry Carlisle,
O sad, sad seemed the town an' eerie !
The auld, auld men came out an' wept,
'O maiden, come ye to seek yere dearie ?'

There 's ae drap o' blude atween my breasts,
An' twa in my links o' hair sae yellow ;
The tane I 'll ne'er wash, an' the tither ne'er kame,
But I 'll sit an' pray aneath the willow.
Wae, wae upon that cruel heart,
Wae, wae upon that hand sae bluidie,
Which feasts in our richest Scottish blude,
An' makes sae mony a youthfu' widow.*

* 'Carlisle Yetts' is from Cromek, and if it is not Allan Cunningham's is very like his style.—Hogg, *Jac. Rel.*, ii. 371.

XVII.

YOUNG AIRLY.

'KEN ye aught o' gude Lochiel,
Or ken ye aught o' Airly?'
'They 've belted on their good braid swords,
An' aff an' awa wi' Charlie.'

* * * *

'Bring fire to me,' quo' the hie Argyle,
'And bring it red and yarely;
And take a last long look at the hame
O' the traitor Lord of Airly!'

'What lowe is yon?' quo' the gude Lochiel
'Whilk rises wi' the sun sae early?'
'By the God o' my kin,' quo' Lord Ogilvie,
'It 's my ain bonnie hame o' Airly!'

'Put up yere sword,' quo' the gude Lochiel,
An' 'Put it up,' quo' Charlie;
'We 'll raise sic a lowe roun' the fause Argyle,
Mair bright than yon of Airly!'

'It 's nae my ha', nor my lands a' reft,
That reddens my cheeks sae sairly;
But the wife and the twa sweet babes I left,
To smoor i' the reek o' Airly!'*

* Inserted in Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, vol. ii., Song 75.

XVIII.

LAMENT FOR THE LORD MAXWELL.

LAMENT, bonnie Nithsdale, thy green leaf's in the fa',
Thy noblest and thy bravest are drapping awa';
The white rose in thy bonnet, which flourish'd sae and
shone,
Hangs drooping and dead since Lord Maxwell is gone.

O wae upon ye, Southron, ye 're treacherous ane and a';
Ye haud him aye down whase back 's at the wa';
He tauld ye at proud Preston it was 'Tine the heart,
tine a';
Now he 's doomed to cauld airn who was weel worth
ye a'.

Now aughty summer shoots on the forest I hae seen,
To the saddle laps in blude i' the battle hae I been;
But I never kenned o' dool till I kenned it yestreen—
O soon aboon my brow will the sods be growing green!

I tint half mysel' when I tint Terreagles' lord:
A truer heart, a bolder hand, ne'er buckled on a sword;
Nor around a gentler heart woman's arms did never
twine:
He 's a drap o' dearest blude in this auld heart o' mine.

O merry was the lilting amang our ladies a' ;
They sang in the parlour and danced in the ha',
'O, Charlie he 's come owre and he 'll chase the Whigs
awa' !'
But they canna wipe the tears now sae fast as they fa'.

Our lady she turned pale and her damsels fell aswoon,
And her heart was like to loup the gowd lace o' her
gown ;
She has busked on her gay cleeding an 's off for Lon'on
town,
And has wi' her half the hearts o' the country aroun'.

By the bud o' the leaf—by the rising o' the flower,
'Side the sang o' the birds where some burn tottles owre,
I 'll wander awa there an' big a wee bit bower,
For to keep my gray head frae the drap o' the shower.

An' aye I 'll sit an' mane, till my blude stops wi' eild,
For Nithsdale's bonnie lord, wha was bauldest o' the
bauld.
O that I were wi' him in death's gory fauld !
O had I but the iron on, whilk hauds him sae cauld ! *

* Inserted in Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, vol. ii., Song 13.

XIX.

CUMBERLAND AND MURRAY'S DESCENT INTO HELL.

KEN ye where cleckie Murray's gane?
He's to dwall in his lang hame.
The beddle clapt him on the doup—
'Hard I 've earned my gray groat:
Lie thou there, and sleep thou soun',
God winna waken sic a lown!'

Where's his gowd, and where's his gain,
He rakit out 'neath Satan's wame?
He has nae what 'll pay his shot,
Nor caulk the keel o' Charon's boat.
Be there gowd where he's to beek,
He 'll rake it out o' brunstane-smeek.

He 's in a' Satan's frything pans,
Scouth'ring the blude frae aff his han's;
He's washing them in brunstane lowe,
His kintra's blude it winna thowe!
The hettest soap-suds o' perdition
Canna out thae stains be washin'.

Ae devil roar'd, till hoarse and roupet,
'He 's pyking the gowd frae Satan's poupit !'
Anither roar'd, wi' eldritch yell,
'He 's howking the key-stane out o' hell,
To damn us mair wi' God's day-light !'—
And he douked i' the caudrons out o' sight.

He stole auld Satan's brunstane leister,
Till his waukit loofs were in a blister ;
He stole his Whig-spunks, tipt wi' brunstane,
And stole his scalping whittle's set-stane,
And out of its red-hot kist he stole
The very charter rights o' hell.

Satan, tent weel the pilfering villain,
He 'll scrimp yere revenue by stealin' :
Th' infernal boots in which you stand in,
With which your worship tramps the damn'd in,
He 'll wyle them aff your cloven cloots,
And wade through hell-fire i' yere boots.

Auld Satan cleekit him by the spaul',
And stappit him i' the dub o' hell ;—
The foulest fiend there doughtna bide him,
The damn'd they wadna fry beside him,
Till the bluidy Duke came trysting hither,
An' the ae fat buccher fry'd the tither !

Ae devil sat splitting brunstane-matches,
Ane roasting the Whigs like bakers' batches ;
Ane wi' fat a Whig was basting,
Spent wi' frequent prayer an' fasting ;
A' ceas'd when thae twin butchers roar'd,
And hell's grim hangman stapt an' glowr'd !

'Fye ! gar bake a pye in haste,
Knead it of infernal paste,'
Quo' Satan :—and in his mitten'd hand,
He hynt up bluidie Cumberland,
An' whittlet him down like bow-kail castock,
And in his hettest furnace roasted.

Now hell's black table-claith was spread,
The infernal grace was reverend said :
Yap stood the hungry fiends a' o'er it,
Their grim jaws gaping to devour it ;
When Satan cried out, fit to scouner,
'Owre rank o' judgment 's sic a dinner.'

Hell's black bitch mastiff lapp'd the broo,
And slipp'd her collar and gat gae ;
And madd'ning wi' perdition's porridge,
Yamph'd to and fro for wholesome forage ;
Unguarded was the hallan gate,
And Whigs pour'd in like frith in spate.

The worm o' hell, which never dies,
In wyntled coil writhes up and fries;
The porter bitch whilk the broo did lap,
Her blin' whalps bursted at the pap:
Even Hell's grim sultan, red wud glowrin',
Dreaded that Whigs would usurp o'er him! *

* Of all the songs that ever were written since the world began, this is the first; it is both so horrible and so irresistibly ludicrous. It is copied from Cromek, but the Editor makes no mention how or where he came by it. The two last verses he refused to publish, but I thought it a pity that any part of such a morsel should be lost.—Hogg, *Jac. Rel.*, ii. 201.

XX.

THE MERMAID OF GALLOWAY.

THERE'S a maid has sat on the green merse side
These ten lang years and mair;
An' every first night o' the new moon
She kames her yellow hair.

An' ay while she sheds the yellow burning gowd,
Fu' sweet she sings an' hie,
Till the fairest bird that wooes the green wood,
Is charm'd wi' her melodie.

But wha e'er listens to that sweet sang,
Or gangs the dame to see,
Ne'er hears the sang o' the laverock again,
Nor wakens an earthly ee.

It fell in about the sweet simmer month,
I' the first come o' the moon,
That she sat o' the tap of a sea-weed rock,
A-kaming her silk-locks down.

Her kame was o' the whitely pearl,
Her hand like new-won milk;
Her breasts were all o' the snawy curd,
In a net o' sea-green silk.

She kamed her locks owre her white shoulders,
A fleece baith bonny and lang;
An' ilka ringlet she shed frae her brows,
She raised a lightsome sang.

I' the very first lilt o' that sweet sang,
The birds forsook their young;
An' they flew i' the gate o' the grey howlet,
To listen the sweet maid's song.

I' the second lilt o' that sweet sang,
Of sweetness it was sae fu';
The tod leap'd out frae the frighted lambs,
And dighted his red-wat mou'.

I' the very third lilt o' that sweet sang,
Red lowed the new-woke moon;
The stars drapped blude on the yellow gowan tap,
Sax miles that maiden roun'.

'I hae dwalt on the Nith,' quo' the young Cowehill,
'These twenty years an' three,
But the sweetest sang e'er brake frae a lip,
Comes thro' the green wood to me.

'O is it a voice frae twa earthly lips,
Whilk makes sic melodie?
It wad wile the lark frae the morning lift,
And weel may it wile me.'

'I dreamed a dreary thing, master,
Whilk I am rad ye rede;
I dreamed ye kissed a pair o' sweet lips,
That drapped o' red heart's-blede.'

'Come, haud my steed, ye little foot-page,
Shod wi' the red gold roun';
Till I kiss the lips whilk sing sae sweet,'
An' lightlie lap he down.

'Kiss nae the singer's lips, master,
Kiss nae the singer's chin;
Touch nae her hand,' quo' the little foot-page,
'If skaithless hame ye 'd win.

'O wha will sit on yere toom saddle,
O wha will bruik yere gluve;
An' wha will fauld yere erled bride,
I' the kindly clasps o' luve?'

He took aff his hat, a' gold i' the rim,
Knot wi' a siller ban';
He seemed a' in lowe wi' his gold raiment,
As thro' the green wood he ran.

'The simmer-dew fa's saft, fair maid,
Aneath the siller moon;
But eerie is thy seat i' the rock,
Washed wi' the white sea faem.

'Come, wash me wi' thy lilie white hand,
Below and aboon the knee;
An' I 'll kame thae links o' yellow burning gold,
Aboon thy bonnie blue ee.

'How rosie are thy parting lips,
How lilie-white thy skin,
An' weel I wat thae kissing een
Wad tempt a saint to sin.'

'Tak aff thae bars an' bobs o' gold,
Wi' thy gared doublet fine;
An' thraw me aff thy green mantle,
Leafed wi' the siller twine.

'An' all in courtesie, fair knight,
A maiden's love to win;
The gold lacing o' thy green weeds
Wad harm her lilie skin.'

Syne coost he aff his green mantle,
Hemm'd wi' the red gold roun';
His costly doublet coost he aff
Wi' red gold flow'red down.

'Now ye maun kame my yellow hair,
Down wi' my pearlie kame;
Then rowe me in thy green mantle,
An' take me maiden hame.

'But first come take me 'neath the chin,
An' syne come kiss my cheek;
An' spread my hanks o' wat'ry hair,
I' the new-moon beam to dreep.'

Sae first he kissed her dimpled chin,
Syne kissed her rosie cheek;
And lang he wooed her willin' lips,
Like heather-hinnie sweet!

'O! if ye 'll come to the bonnie Cowehill,
'Mang primrose banks to woo,
I 'll wash thee ilk day i' the new-milked milk,
An' bind wi' gold yere brow.

'An' a' for a drink o' the clear water
Ye 'se hae the rosie wine,
An' a' for the water white lilie,
Ye 'se hae these arms o' mine.'

'But what 'll she say, yere bonnie young bride
Busked wi' the siller fine,
Whan the rich kisses ye kept for her lips,
Are left wi' vows on mine?'

He took his lips frae her red-rose mou',
His arms frae her waist sae sma';
'Sweet maiden, I 'm in bridal speed,
It 's time I were awa'.

'O gie me a token o' luve, sweet May,
A leal luve-token true ;'
She crapped a lock o' yellow golden hair,
An' knotted it roun' his brow.

'O tie nae it sae strait, sweet May,
But with luve's rose-knot kind ;
My head is full of burning pain,
O saft ye maun it bind.'

His skin turned all o' the red-rose hue,
Wi' draps o' bludie sweat ;
An' he laid his head 'mang the water lilies :
'Sweet maiden, I maun sleep.'

She tyed ae link of her wet yellow hair,
Aboon his burning bree ;
Amang his curling haffet locks
She knotted knurles three.

She weaved owre his brow the white lilie,
Wi' witch-knots mae than nine ;
'Gif ye were seven times bridegroom owre,
This night ye shall be mine.'

O twice he turned his sinking head,
An' twice he lifted his ee ;
O twice he sought to loose the links
Were knotted owre his bree.

'Arise, sweet knight, yere young bride waits,
An' doubts her ale will sour;
An' wistly looks at the lilie-white sheets,
Down spread in ladie bower.

'An' she has preened the broidered silk,
About her white hause-bane;
Her princely petticoat is on,
Wi' gold can stan' its lane.'

He faintlie, slowlie, turn'd his cheek,
And faintly lift his ee,
And he strave to loose the witching bands
Aboon his burning bree.

Then took she up his green mantle
Of lowing gold the hem;
Then took she up his silken cap,
Rich wi' a siller stem;
An' she threw them wi' her lilie hand
Amang the white sea faem.

She took the bride ring frae his finger
An' threw it in the sea;
'That hand shall mense nae ither ring
But wi' the will o' me.'

She faulded him i' her lilie arms,
An' took her pearlie kame;
His fleecy locks trailed owre the sand
As she sought the white sea-faem.

First rose the star out owre the hill,
An' neist the lovely moon ;
While the beauteous bride o' Galloway
Looked for her blythe bridegroom.

Lightlie she sang while the new moon rose,
Blythe as a young bride May,
Whan the New Moon lights her lamp o' luve,
An' blinks the bride away.

'Nithsdale, thou art a gay garden,
Wi' monie a winsome flower ;
But the princeliest rose o' that garden
Maun blossom in my bower.

'O gentle be the wind on thy leaf,
And gentle the gloaming dew ;
And bonnie and balmy be thy bud,
Of a pure and steadfast hue ;
And she who sings this sang in thy praise,
Shall love thee leal and true.'

An' ay she sewed her silken snood,
An' sung a bridal sang ;
But oft the tears drapt frae her ee,
Afore the grey morn cam'.

The sun leamed ruddie 'mang the dew,
Sae thick on bank and tree ;
The plough-boy whistled at his darg,
The milk-may answered hie ;

But the lovely bride o' Galloway
Sat wi' a tear-wet ee.

Ilk breath o' wind 'mang the forest leaves—
She heard the bridegroom's *tongue*,
And she heard the bridal-coming lilt
In every bird which sung.

She sat high on the tap tower stane,
Nae waiting May was there ;
She loosed the gold busk frae her breast,
The kame frae 'mang her hair ;
She wiped the tear-blobs frae her ee,
An' looked lang and sair.

First sang to her the blythe wee bird,
Frae aff the hawthorn green :
'Loose out the love curls frae yere hair,
Ye plaited sae weel yestreen.'

An' the spreckled lark frae 'mang the clouds
Of heaven came singing down :
'Take out the bride-knots frae yere hair
An' let these lang locks down.'

'Come, bide wi' me, ye pair o' sweet birds,
Come down and bide wi' me ;
Ye sall peckle o' the bread an' drink o' the wine,
And gold yere cage sall be.'

She laid the bride-cake 'neath her head,
An' syne below her feet ;
An' laid her down 'tween the lilie-white sheets,
An' soundlie did she sleep !

It seemed i' the mid-hour o' the night,
Her siller-bell did ring ;
An' soun't as if nae earthlie hand
Had pou'd the silken string.

There was a cheek touch'd that ladie's,
Cauld as the marble stane ;
An' a hand cauld as the drifting snaw
Was laid on her breast-bane.

'O cauld is thy hand, my dear Willie,
O cauld, cauld is thy cheek ;
An' wring these locks o' yellow hair,
Frae which the cauld draps dreep.'

'O seek anither bridegroom, Marie,
On these bosom-faulds to sleep ;
My bride is the yellow water lilie,
Its leaves my bridal sheet !' *

* This romantic and affecting ballad was transmitted to the Editor by *Jean Walker*, a young girl of Galloway, who preserved the songs, 'She 's gane to dwall in Heaven,' 'Thou hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie,' 'The Pawkie Loon the Miller,' and 'Young Derwentwater.'—CROMEK.

Part the Second.

POEMS AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

PART THE SECOND.

XXI.

THE TOWN CHILD AND COUNTRY CHILD.

CHILD of the Country ! free as air
Art thou, and as the sunshine fair ;
Born, like the lily, where the dew
Lies odorous when the day is new ;
Fed 'mid the May-flowers like the bee
Nurs'd to sweet music on the knee.
Lull'd in the breast to that sweet tune
Which winds make 'mong the woods of June :
I sing of thee ;—'tis sweet to sing
Of such a fair and gladsome thing.

Child of the Town ! for thee I sigh ;
A gilded roof 's thy golden sky,
A carpet is thy daisied sod,
A narrow street thy boundless wood,
Thy rushing deer 's the clattering tramp
Of watchmen, thy best light 's a lamp,—

Through smoke, and not through trellised vines
And blooming trees, thy sunbeam shines :
I sing of thee in sadness ; where
Else is wreck wrought in aught so fair.

Child of the Country ! thy small feet
Tread on strawberries red and sweet :
With thee I wander forth to see
The flowers which most delight the bee ;
The bush o'er which the throstle sung
In April while she nursed her young ;
The dew beneath the sloe-thorn, where
She bred her twins the timorous hare ;
The knoll, wrought o'er with wild blue-bells,
Where brown bees build their balmy cells ;
The greenwood stream, the shady pool,
Where trouts leap when the day is cool ;
The shilfa's nest that seems to be
A portion of the sheltering tree,—
And other marvels which my verse
Can find no language to rehearse.

Child of the Town ! for thee, alas !
Glad Nature spreads nor flowers nor grass ;
Birds build no nests, nor in the sun
Glad streams come singing as they run :
A Maypole is thy blossom'd tree,
A beetle is thy murmuring bee ;
Thy bird is caged, thy dove is where
The poulterer dwells, beside the hare ;

Thy fruit is plucked, and by the pound
Hawk'd, clamorous, o'er the city round :
No roses, twin-born on the stalk,
Perfume thee in thy evening walk ;
No voice of birds,—but to thee comes
The mingled din of cars and drums,
And startling cries, such as are rife
When wine and wassail waken strife.

Child of the Country ! on the lawn
I see thee like the bounding fawn,
Blithe as the bird which tries its wing
The first time on the wings of Spring ;
Bright as the sun when from the cloud
He comes as cocks are crowing loud ;
Now running, shouting, 'mid sunbeams,
Now groping trouts in lucid streams,
Now spinning like a mill-wheel round,
Now hunting Echo's empty sound,
Now climbing up some old tall tree—
For climbing's sake—'Tis sweet to thee
To sit where birds can sit alone,
Or share with thee thy venturous throne.

Child of the Town and bustling street,
What woes and snares await thy feet !
Thy paths are paved for five long miles,
Thy groves and hills are peaks and tiles ;
Thy fragrant air is yon thick smoke,
Which shrouds thee like a mourning cloak ;

And thou art cabin'd and confined,
At once from sun, and dew, and wind,
Or set thy tottering feet but on
Thy lengthen'd walks of slippery stone.
The coachman there careering reels,
With goaded steeds and maddening wheels;
And Commerce pours each prosing son
In pelf's pursuit and hollos 'Run':
While flush'd with wine, and stung at play,
Men rush from darkness into day.
The stream's too strong for thy small bark;
There nought can sail, save what is stark.
Fly from the town, sweet child! for health
Is happiness, and strength, and wealth.
There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
On every herb o'er which you tread
Are written words which, rightly read,
Will lead you, from earth's fragrant sod,
To hope, and holiness, and God.

XXII.

THE MOTHER'S CALL.

COME, sweet ones, come to the fields with me,
I hear the hum of the honey bee,
I hear the call of the gray cuckoo,
I hear the note of the shrill curlew;
I hear the cry of the hunting hawk,
The sound of the dove in our 'custom'd walk,
The song of the lark, the tongue of the rill,
The shepherds' shout on the pasture hill.

My sweet ones, all come forth and play,
The air is balm, and I smell new hay;
Come, breathe of the flowers, and see how neat
The milkmaid trips on her scented feet;
Young folks come forth all joy, and run
Abroad as bright as beams of the sun;
Old men step out with a sadder grace,
And matrons come with a graver pace.

The smoke streams up, and the air is rife
With joy, and all is light and life ;
From east to west there 's not a stain
In all the sky, and the birds are fain,
And the beasts are glad, while man in song
Breaks out, for rain has lorded long,
And earth has drunk more than her need
To fill her flowers and nurse her seed.

Now, now ye come, my little ones all,
As the young doves come at their mothers' call ;
One run to yon tall foxglove, and see
At his breakfast of balm the golden bee ;
Another go hunt from bud to bloom
The worm that flies with a painted plume,
Or see the doe solicitous lead
Her twin fawns forth to the odorous mead,
Or mark the nestlings newly flown,
With their tender wings and their crests of down.

But stay, my children. Ere ye run,
Who made the sky and yon glorious sun ?
Who framed the earth, and strewed it sweet
With flowers, and set it 'neath mankind's feet ?
'Twas ONE in heaven. Kneel down, and lay
Your white foreheads to the grass, and pray ;
And render HIM praise, and seek to be
Pure, good, and modest—then come with me.

XXIII.

THE ORPHAN CHILD*.

AS I went down through London town,
The sun an hour had shone,
And there I saw a bonnie boy,
Sit singing on a stone:
But sooty were his shining locks,
And dark his snowy feet,
And bleeding were his tender hands,
And O, his voice was sweet!
A lady came and look'd and sigh'd,
And ceased to pass along,
'My blessings on this comely child,
He sings a melting song.'

'O white, white, lady, is thy neck,
Where gold and jewels shine;
My arms have clasp'd as white a neck,
As kind a breast as thine.
A mother's hands have gently nursed
Me on a gentle knee;—
And oft I weep above her grave,
Aneath the churchyard tree.

* From 'The Chimney Sweeper's Friend, and Climbing Boy's Album; arranged by James Montgomery.' 12mo, 1824.

The sea-waves o'er my father roll,
Full fifty fathom deep.'
He ceased his song, that orphan boy,
And loudly 'gan to weep.

That lady's silken dress was shower'd
All round with jewels rare ;
Ye might have bought a baron's land
With diamonds from her hair ;
The red gold glitter'd round her waist,
And sparkled at her feet,
Ten thousand eyes her beauty bless'd
As she walk'd down the street.
Though like sun-light her beauty shone
From green earth to the sky,
Curse on the Muse who names a name
That heeds not sorrow's cry.

That lady went,—the orphan child
Sat still on the cold stone ;
He look'd in no one's face, he sung,—
'Twas less of song than moan.
And lo! another lady came,
Straight to that comely child ;
She took his dusky hand, her eyes
More than her ripe lips smiled :
'Come tell me now, my pretty youth,
A tender mother's care
How could ye leave, all thus to stain
Thy face and shining hair?'

'My father 's dead,' thus said the child,
'O'er him the salt sea sweeps;
My mother broke her heart;—Oh! come
And see how low she sleeps!
For often I go to her grave,
And lie the cold night long;
I could not do 't, but that I keep
My heart up with my song.
O, ere the green turf o'er her closed,
Ere her sweet lips were cold,
That bless'd me, to this cruel trade
Her only son was sold.'

That lady turned away,—she turn'd
But went not; like the dew
On lilies, 'tween her fingers white
The shining tears dropt through.
She stroked his sooty locks, and smiled,
While o'er the dusky boy,
As streams the sunbeam through a cloud
There came a flush of joy.
She took him from his cruel trade,
And soon the milk-white hue
Came to his neck: he, with the Muse,
Sings 'Bless thee, Montagu!'

XXIV.

THE POET'S BRIDAL-DAY SONG *.

O! MY love's like the steadfast sun,
Or streams that deepen as they run;
Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,
Nor moments between sighs and tears,
Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,
Nor dreams of glory dream'd in vain;
Nor mirth, nor sweetest song that flows
To sober joys and soften woes,
Can make my heart or fancy flee,
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse I see thee sit
In maiden bloom and matron wit;
Fair, gentle as when first I sued,
Ye seem, but of sedater mood;

* Some beautiful lines of yours in a former number of the 'Literary Souvenir' introduced me to your wife, and made me feel much interested in her. Pray offer her my kind remembrances.—*Mrs. Hemans to Allan Cunningham.*

Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee,
As, when beneath Arbigland tree,
We stay'd and woo'd, and thought the moon
Set on the sea an hour too soon,
Or linger'd 'mid the falling dew,
When looks were fond and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet,
Five sons and ae fair daughter sweet,
And time and care and birthtime woes
Have dimm'd thine eye and touch'd thy rose,
To thee, and thoughts of thee, belong
Whate'er charms me in tale or song.
When words descend like dews unsought,
With gleams of deep enthusiast thought,
And Fancy in her heaven flies free,
They come, my love, they come from thee.

O, when more thought we gave, of old,
To silver, than some give to gold,
'Twas sweet to sit and ponder o'er,
How we should deck our humble bower:
'Twas sweet to pull, in hope, with thee,
The golden fruit of Fortune's tree;
And sweeter still to choose and twine
A garland for that brow of thine:
A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,
While rivers flow, and woods grow green.

At times there come, as come there ought,
Grave moments of sedater thought,
When Fortune frowns, nor lends our night
One gleam of her inconstant light;
And Hope, that decks the peasant's bower,
Shines like a rainbow through the shower;
O then I see, while seated nigh,
A mother's heart shine in thine eye,
And proud resolve and purpose meek,
Speak of thee more than words can speak.
I think this wedded wife of mine,
The best of all things not divine.

XXV.

GORDON OF BRACKLEY.

DOWN Dee side came Inveraye,
Whistling and playing;
And called loud at Brackley gate,
Ere the day dawing,
'Come, Gordon of Brackley,
Proud Gordon, come down;
A sword 's at your threshold,
Mair sharp than your own.'

'Arise now, gay Gordon,'
His lady gan cry;
'Look, there is bold Inveraye
Driving your kye.'
'How can I go, ladye,
To win them agen?
I have but ae sword,
And rude Inveraye ten.'

'Arise, all my maidens,
With roke and with fan;
How blest had I been
Had I married a man!
Arise, all my maidens,
Take buckler and sword;
Go milk the ewes, Gordon,
And I shall be lord.'

The Gordon sprang up,
Put his helm on his head;
Laid his hand on his sword,
And his thigh on his steed,
And stoop'd low and said,
As he kiss'd his young dame,
'There 's a Gordon rides out
That will never ride hame.'

Wi' sword and wi' dagger
He rush'd on him rude;
And the gay gallant Gordon
Lies bathed in his blude.
Frae the sources of Dee
To the mouth of the Spey,
The Highlanders mourn for him
And curse Inveraye.

'O came ye by Brackley,
And what saw ye there?
Was his young widow weeping
And tearing her hair?'

'I came in by Brackley,
I came in, and oh!
There was mirth, there was feasting,
But nothing of woe.

'As a rose bloom'd the lady,
And blythe as a bride;
Like a bridegroom bold Inveraye
Smiled at her side.
And she feasted him there,
As she ne'er feasted lord,
Though the blood of her husband
Was moist on his sword.'

There 's grief in the cottage
And tears in the ha',
For the gay gallant Gordon
That 's dead and awa'.
To the bush comes the bud,
And the flower to the plain,
But the good and the brave,
They come never again.*

* For the original of this ballad, see 'Popular Ballads and Songs,' by Robert Jamieson, (2 vols. 8vo, 1806), vol. i., p. 102.

XXVI.

THE ENGLISH SEA CAPTAIN'S SONG.

NOW the sea-raven mute
On the water is lying;
Now the night-wind's last sob
On the billow is dying;
And the full moon is up,
Whom no dark clouds encumber,
While the numberless stars
Lie around her in slumber.
All beneath us is bright—
All above us is glowing—
And the night 's in her prime,
And the tide in the flowing.
Lo! a land-breeze awakens,
And shakes mast and pennon;
Loud the mariner shouts,
With his hand on the cannon:
'Up halsers! with foam,
See the ocean is hoary!'
And away shoots my ship
In her pride and her glory!

How we love the black storm !
  How we tread on the billows !
How our strong timbers quake,
  And our masts bend like willows !
See, the moon hides her head,
  And the waves rise in mountains ;
Clouds spout liquid fire,
  Heaven opes all her fountains :
Yet our ship rides as safely
  As when, in dews nourished,
An oak, 'mid the forests
  Of Chatsworth, she flourished !
See ! see ! how the flame-crested
  Billows she 's cleaving !—
See ! see ! in the race how
  Old England she 's leaving !
She was wood when she grew
  In the depth of the forest :
Now a sea-queen she smiles
  When the tempest is sorest !

How she smiles 'mid the tempest,
  And longs for the rattle
Of gun and of musket
  To burst into battle !
At the thrust of her pike,
  At the glance of her pennon,
At a move of her helm,
  At the flash of her cannon,—

The Eagle of Russia
  Plies landward her pinion,
Nor dares on the ocean
  To found her dominion;
The Lilies of Bourbon
  Seem wither'd and dying,
Like weeds in the sun,
  Where her banner is flying.
Blake, Raleigh, Monk, Nelson,
  Reign kings in sea-story;
And Britain breeds none
  Will diminish their glory.

XXVII.

THE BRITISH SAILOR'S SONG.

AWAY with bayonet and with lance
With corslet, casque and sword;
Our island-king no war-horse needs,
For on the sea he 's lord.
His throne 's the war-ship's lofty deck,
His sceptre is the mast;
His kingdom is the rolling wave,
His servant is the blast.
His anchor 's up, fair Freedom's flag
Proud to the mast he nails;
Tyrants and conquerors bow your heads,
For there your terror sails.

I saw fierce Prussia's chargers stand,
Her children's sharp swords out;—
Proud Austria's bright spurs streaming red,
When rose the closing shout.
But soon the steeds rush'd masterless,
By tower and town and wood;
For lordly Franco her fiery youth
Poured o'er them like a flood.

Go, hew the gold spurs from your heels,
And let your steeds run free ;
Then come to our unconquer'd decks,
And learn to reign at sea.

Behold yon black and batter'd hulk
That slumbers on the tide,
There is no sound from stem to stern,
For peace has pluck'd her pride.
The masts are down, the cannon mute,
She shows nor sheet nor sail,
Nor starts forth with the seaward breeze,
Nor answers shout nor hail.
Her merry men, with all their mirth,
Have sought some other shore ;
And she with all her glory on,
Shall rule the sea no more.

So landsmen speak. Lo ! her top-masts
Are quivering in the sky ;
Her sails are spread, her anchor's raised,
There sweeps she gallant by.
A thousand warriors fill her decks ;
Within her painted side
The thunder sleeps—man's might has nought
Can match or mar her pride.
In victor glory goes she forth ;
Her stainless flag flies free ;
Kings of the earth, come and behold
How Britain reigns on sea !

When on your necks the armed foot
  Of fierce Napoleon trod,
And all was his, save the wide sea,
  Where we triumphant rode,
He launched his terror and his strength,
  Our sea-born pride to tame;
They came—they got the Nelson-touch,
  And vanish'd as they came.
Go, hang your bridles in your halls,
  And set your war-steeds free:
The world has one unconquer'd king,
  And he reigns on the sea!

XXVIII.

THE SEA KING'S DEATH-SONG.

I 'LL launch my gallant bark no more,
Nor smile to see how gay
Her pennon dances as we bound
Along the watery way.
The wave I walk on 's mine—the God
I worship is the breeze,
My rudder is my magic rod
Of rule on isles and seas;
Blow, blow ye winds for lordly France,
Or shores of swarthy Spain;
Blow where ye list, of earth I 'm lord,
When monarch of the main.

When last upon the surge I rode,
A strong wind on me shot,
And tossed me, as I toss my plume,
In battle fierce and hot:

Three days and nights nor sun I saw
Nor gentle star nor moon,
Three foot of foam flash'd o'er my decks :
I sang to see it soon.
The wind fell mute, forth shone the sun,
Broad dimpling smiled the brine,
I leaped on Ireland's shore, and made
Half of her riches mine.

The grey hawk wets her yellow foot
In blood of serf and king,
Deep bites the brand, sharp smites the axe,
And helm and cuirass ring ;
The foam flies from the charger's flanks
Like wreathes of winter snow,
Spears shiver and the bright shafts start
In thousands from the bow.
Strike up, strike up, my minstrels all,
Use tongue and tuneful chord—
No—No—my music is the clang
Of cleaving axe and sword.

Cursed be the Norseman who puts trust
In mortar and in stone—
Who rears a wall or builds a tower,
Or makes on earth his throne.
My monarch's throne 's the willing wave
That bears me to the beach ;
My sepulchre 's the deep sea surge,
Where lead shall never reach ;

My death-song is the howling wind
That bends my quivering mast :
Bid England's maidens join the song—
I there made orphans last.

Mourn, all ye hawks of heaven, for me :
Oft, oft by frith and flood
I call'd ye forth to feast on kings—
Who now shall give you food ?
Mourn too, thou deep devouring sea,
For of earth's proudest lords
I served thee oft a sumptuous feast,
With our sharp shining swords.
Mourn, midnight, mourn—no more thou 'lt hear
Arm'd thousands shout my name,
Nor see me rushing, red-wet shod,
Through cities doom'd to flame.

My race is run, my flight is flown,
And, like the eagle free,
That soars into the cloud and dies,
I leave my life at sea.
To man I yield not—spear nor sword
Ne'er harm'd me in their ire ;
Vain on me Europe shower'd her shafts
And Asia pour'd her fire.
Nor wound nor scar my body bears—
My lip made never moan—
And Odin bold, who gave me life,
Now comes and takes his own.

Light—light there ! Let me get one look :
  Yon is the golden sky,
With all its glorious lights, and there
  My subject sea flows by.
Around me all my comrades stand,
  Who oft have trod with me
On princes' necks—a joy that is,
  And never more must be.
Now put my helmet on my head,
  My bright sword in my hand,
That I may die as I have lived,
  In arms and high command.

XXIX.

THE EMIGRANT'S SONG.

THE sails are spread, the tapering mast
Bends leeward, quivering in the blast;
Kind hands that ne'er may clasp again,
Have ta'en their last and fondest strain;
Eyes gushing like a spring-time brook,
Have had their latest, saddest look;
And from Old England's anchoring ground
My bark bursts seaward with a bound,
While following on our foaming path,
The ravening storm howls in his wrath.

Some o'er the gladsome billows dance,
To woo the sun-burned belles of France,
Or through fallen Rome's luxurious clime,
Make music plume the steps of time,—
For glory some, and more for gain,
Rejoicing brave the perilous main;
But Fate on sterner terms wafts me
Thus sorrowing, o'er the stormy sea,—
A song of mingled scorn and woe
Bursts from my lips as forth I go.

No more, roused by the summoning horn,
I'll reap Old England's golden corn,
Or dalesward walk, and whistling blythe,
The fragrant sward sweep with the scythe,
Or round the May-pole leaping light,
Make mirth the partner of midnight.
In vain, for me, from conquering hordes,
My sires the Isle saved with their swords;
A haughty band, a pamper'd race,
Have push'd me from my dwelling-place.

The Isle is theirs! They are the heirs
Of land that yields, of tree that bears,
Of waters too—the plough and line
Are used but that the proud may dine.
The wind is theirs, with all it brings
Of wild-fowl to the groves and springs:
The tim'rous hare, the bounding deer,
The bleating herd, the fattening steer,
Are theirs—the poor may naked lie,
And, hungering, curse their lot and die.

For me! my heart in youth-hood's hour,
Can take a flight beyond their power,
And borne upon the barren brine,
Far northward from the burning line;
I'll dwell where drear Mackenzie flows,
'Mongst howling wolves, and falling snows;
By Huron's yet unvoyaged lake,
Ohio's thick unthreaded brake—

I 'll roam, and fish, and hunt, and sing,
And be of mine own person king.

Or let the rough winds waft me far,
To climes beneath the eastern star ;
Where free the tameless Tartar ranges—
Where eagles build beyond the Ganges—
Where Himalaya rears her mountains—
Where Boorampooter pours her fountains—
Where England's flag hath never flutter'd—
I 'll live—her name by me unutter'd,
Save when, for much unkindness sighing,
I 'll strive to bless her whilst I 'm dying.

XXX.

NATURE.

O Nature! holy, meek, and mild,
Thou dweller on the mountain wild;
Thou haunter of the lonesome wood;
Thou wanderer by the secret flood;
Thou lover of the daisied sod,
Where Spring's white foot hath lately trod;
Finder of flowers fresh-sprung and new,
Where sunshine comes to seek the dew;
Twiner of bowers for lovers meet;
Smoother of sods for poets' feet;
Thrice-sainted matron! in whose face,
Who looks in love will light on grace;
Far-worshipp'd goddess! one who gives
Her love to him who wisely lives;—
Oh! take my hand, and place me on
The daisied footstool of thy throne;
And pass before my darken'd sight
Thy hand which lets in charmed light;
And touch my soul, and let me see
The ways of God, fair dame, in thee.

Or lead me forth o'er dales and meads,
Even as her child the mother leads ;
Where corn, yet milk in its green ears,
The dew upon its shot-blade bears ;
Where blooming clover grows, and where
She licks her scented foot, the hare ;
Where twin-nuts cluster thick, and springs
The thistle with ten thousand stings ;
Untrodden flowers and unpruned trees,
Gladden'd with songs of birds and bees ;
The ring where last the fairies danced—
The place where dank Will latest glanced—
The tower round which the magic shell
Of minstrel threw its lasting spell—
The stream that steals its way along,
To glory consecrate by song :
And while we saunter, let thy speech
God's glory and his goodness preach.

Or, when the sun sinks, and the bright
Round moon sheds down her lust'rous light ;
When larks leave song, and men leave toiling ;
And hearths burn clear, and maids are smiling :
When hoary hinds, with rustic saws,
Lay down to youth thy golden laws ;
And beauty is her wet cheek laying
To her sweet child, and silent praying :
With Thee in hallow'd mood I 'll go,
Through scenes of gladness or of woe :

Thy looks inspired, thy chasten'd speech,
Me more than man hath taught, shall teach ;
And much that 's gross, and more that 's vain,
As chaff from corn, shall leave my strain.

I feel thy presence and thy power,
As feels the rain yon parched flower ;
It lifts its head, spreads forth its bloom,
Smiles to the sky, and sheds perfume.
A child of woe, sprung from the clod,
Through Thee seeks to ascend to God.

XXXI.

MARGARET AND MARY *.

YOUNG Margaret woke, and waking cried,—
Rise, Mary ! lo, on Dunscore side,
The morning sun shines bright ; and hear !—
The reapers' horns ring far and near !
The thrush sings loud in bush and bower,
The doves coo loud on Isle old tower;
The poet's walk, by Ellisland,
Is rife with larks that love the sand ;
The pars are leaping in the Rack,
The cornecrake calls from fair Portrack ;
There 's silver, sure, in yon sweet rill
That flows 'tween this and blithe Cowehill ,
And see ! from green Dalswinston's lake,
Their distant flight the herons take.
I 'm glad I 've wakened—'tis so sweet,
To see the dew shine on our feet ;
To see the morn diffuse its wealth—
Light, life, and happiness, and health ;

* Miss Margaret Harley Maxwell, *only daughter* of the poet's cousin, Alexander Harley Maxwell, of Portrack, Esq., and Mary, the poet's only daughter.

And then the sounds which float abroad
Are Nature's, and come all from God!
Young Mary thus: from London fair
She came to Margaret for sweet air;
Not sisters born, yet sisters they
In heart, in spirit, and in play.
See, see! the farmer quits his horn—
Fast 'neath the sickle sinks the corn!
The bandsmen all with hoary locks
Tie up the sheaves and set the shocks;
The busy maids, with snooded tresses,
Dish sweet milk pottage out in messes;
E'en now upon Nith's winding stream
The glad sun sheds a brighter beam;
Dark Blackwood smiles, and 'mongst her trees
Carse lists the music of her bees;
And from Dalswinton, broad and fair,
The smell of fruit fills all the air:
Old Age in sunshine walks abroad
Thankful, and gives his thoughts to God!
See, children, see!—'Twas thus another
Voice spoke, of aunt perchance, or mother—
That stream has run, yon sun has shone,
Yon hills have stood, that wind has blown,
Since first God framed them with his hand—
All else is changed within this land:
Landmarks decay, tombs yield their trust,
Youth fades, and old age sinks to dust!
Ten ancient names have ceased in story,
Ten ancient towers have lost their glory,

Two kirks, where Learning's lamp and cowl
Were trimm'd, now shelter bat and owl!
For Seton's soul, where monks said masses,
The wandering gipsies graze their asses;
Full sixty halls where Maxwells dwelt,
The sway of strangers' hands have felt;
The Douglas—but I shall not say
What chances wrought their sad decay—
Or stern Kirkpatrick, whose dread dirk
Won Scotland's freedom in her kirk;
Or Charteris, whose proud feudal power
From Tinwald reached to Liddel's tower;
Or Halliday, whose hounds could range
From Solway sands to Moffat grange;
All these—the brightness of their days
Are gone—their power the stranger sways—
Or sad on their diminish'd bounds
They rule, nor hosts, nor deep-mouthed hounds.
Fair children, this stern lesson learn:—
What merit wins and worth can earn,
May, in some inconsiderate hour,
Be pluck'd—as now I pluck this flower!
The flower will rise with sun and rain
In summer, and bloom bright again:
But when fame goes, its emblem see,
My children, in yon stricken tree!
It lies—it rots—nor from its side
Sends shoots to be the forest's pride!

XXXII.

THE POET'S INVITATION.

SO, thou wilt quit thy comrades, sweet,
Nith's fountains, sweeping grove, and holme,
For distant London's dusty street?
Then come my youngest, fairest, come;
For not the sunshine following showers,
Nor fruit-buds to the wintry bowers,
Nor ladye-bracken to the hind,
Nor warm bark to the tender rind,
Nor song-bird to the sprouting tree,
Nor heath-bell to the gathering bee,
Nor golden day-light to sad eyes,
Nor morn-star showing larks to rise,
Nor son long lost in some far part,
Who leaps back to his mother's heart.
Nor lily to Dalswinton lea,
Nor moonlight to the fairy,
Can be so dear as thou to me,
My youngest one, my Mary.

Look well on Nithsdale's lonely hills,
Where they who love thee, lived of yore;

And dip thy small feet in the rills,
Which sing beside thy mother's door.
There's not a bush on Blackwood lea,
On broad Dalswinton not a tree,
By Carse there 's not a lily blows,
On Cowehill bank there's not a rose;
By green Portrack no fruit-tree fair,
Hangs its ripe clusters in mid-air,
But what in hours not long agone,
In idling mood were to me known;
And now, though distant far, they seem
Of heaven, and mix in many a dream.
Of Nith's fair land limn all the charms
Upon thy heart, and carry
The picture to thy father's arms,
My youngest one, my Mary.

Nor on the lovely land alone,
Be all thy thoughts and fancy squander'd;
Look at thy right hand, there is one
Who long with thee hath mused and wander'd,—
Now with the wild-bee 'mongst the flowers,
Now with the song-bird in the bowers;
Or plucking balmy blooms and throwing
Them on the winds or waters flowing;
Or marking with a mirthsome scream,
Your shadows changing in the stream;
Or gay o'er summer's painted ground,
Danced till the trees seemed reeling round,

Or listening to some far-heard tune,
Or gazing on the calm clear moon.
O ! think on her whose nature sweet
Would neither shift nor vary
From gentle deeds and words discreet—
Such Margaret was to Mary.

The pasture hills fade from thy sight,
Nith sinks with all her silver waters,
With all that's gentle, mild, and sweet,
Of Nithsdale's dames and daughters.
Proud London with her golden spires,
Her painted halls and festal fires,
Calls on thee with a mother's voice,
And bids thee in her arms rejoice.
But still when Spring with primrose mouth,
Breathes o'er the violets of the south
Thou 'lt hear the far wind-wafted sounds
Of waves in Siddick's cavern'd bounds.
The music of unnumbered rills,
Which sport on Nithsdale's haunted hills ;
And see old Molach's hoary back,
That seems the cloud to carry,
And dream thyself in green Portrack,
My darling child, my Mary.

XXXIII.

A FAREWELL TO DALSWINTON*.

'A COT, a kale-yard, and a cow,'
Said fair Dalswinton's lady,
'Are thine,' and so the Muse began
To make her dwelling ready.
She rear'd her walls, she laid her floors,
And finish'd roof and rafter;
But looking on her handy-work
She scarce refrain'd from laughter.
A cot sketch'd from some fairy's dream,
In fancy's strangest tinting,
Would mock the beauteous banks and streams
Of thee, my lov'd Dalswinton!

* This poem originated in an offer made in the year 1831, by Mrs. M'Alpine Leny of Dalswinton. The poet dining at Dalswinton (a lovely place over against Burns's farm at Ellisland) expressed a wish, to the lady of the house, of returning to his native vale, and the humble modesty of his wants, 'A cot, a kale-yard, and a cow.'—Mrs. Leny observed, "Only come once more amongst us, and these, at least, I assure you, you shall have." On the poet's return to London he had a drawing of a cottage made, beneath which he wrote the above lines, and addressed them to Mrs. Leny.

When I look, lady, on thy land,
It fills my soul with gladness,
Till I think on my youthful days,
And then I sink in sadness.
With mind unfurnish'd with an aim
Among your groves I wander'd,
And dreaming much and doing nought
My golden hours I squander'd;
Or follow'd Folly's meteor light,
Oft till the sun came glintin',
And seem'd to say, 'tis for thy sake
I shine, my sweet Dalswinton!

There stands the hill where first I roam'd,
Before the Muse had own'd me—
There is the glen where first she wove
Her web of witchcraft round me:
The wizard tree, the haunted stream,
Where in my waking slumbers
Fair fruitful Fancy on my soul
Pour'd fast her flowing numbers.
Dalswinton-hill, Dalswinton-holm,
And Nith, thou gentle river,
Rise in my heart, flow in my soul,
And dwell with me for ever.

My father's feet seem on thy braes,
And on each haugh and hollow;
I grow a child again and seem
His manly steps to follow:

Now on the spot where glad he sat,
As bright our hearth was blazing,
The gowans grow, and harebells blow,
And fleecy flocks are grazing.
Farewell Dalswinton's hill and grove,
Farewell, too, its fair lady—
I 'll think on all, when far I rove,
By vale and woodland shady.

Farewell thy flowers in whose rich bloom
The honey-bees are swarming—
Farewell thy woods, with every smell,
And every sound that 's charming—
Farewell thy banks of golden broom,
The hills with fox-gloves glowing,
The ring-dove haunts, where fairy streams
Are in their music flowing.
Farewell thy hill, farewell thy halls—
Dark fate to me is hinting,
I 've seen the last I e'er shall see
Of thee, my sweet Dalswinton !

Part the Third.

SONGS.

PART THE THIRD.

XXXIV.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There 's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud ;
And hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud ;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.*

* I look upon the alteration of 'It's hame, and it's hame,' and 'A wet sheet and a flowing sea,' as among the best songs going.—Sir Walter Scott. *Diary*, 14 *Nov.* 1826.

XXXV.

MY NANIE-O.

RED rowes the Nith 'tween bank and brae,
Mirk is the night and rainie-o,
Though heaven and earth should mix in storm,
I 'll gang and see my Nanie-o ;
My Nanie-o, my Nanie-o ;
My kind and winsome Nanie-o,
She holds my heart in love's dear bands,
And nane can do 't but Nanie-o.

In preaching time sae meek she stands,
Sae saintly and sae bonnie-o,
I cannot get ae glimpse of grace,
For thieving looks at Nanie-o ;
My Nanie-o, my Nanie-o ;
The world 's in love with Nanie-o ;
That heart is hardly worth the wear
That wadna love my Nanie-o.

My breast can scarce contain my heart,
When dancing she moves finely-o ;
I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
They sparkle sae divinely-o ;*
My Nanie-o, my Nanie-o ;
The flower of Nithsdale 's Nanie-o ;
Love looks frae 'neath her lang brown hair,
And says, I dwell with Nanie-o.

Tell not, thou star at gray daylight,
O'er Tinwald-top † so bonnie-o,
My footsteps 'mang the morning dew
When coming frae my Nanie-o ;
My Nanie-o, my Nanie-o ;
Nane ken o' me and Nanie-o ;
The stars and moon may tell 't aboon,
They winna wrang my Nanie-o !

* In the Nanie-o of Allan Ramsay, these four beautiful lines will be found ; and there they might have remained, had their beauty not been impaired by the presence of Lais and Leda, Jove and Danae.—*Author's Note.*

† Tinwald-top belongs to a range of fine green hills commencing with the uplands of Dalswinton and ending with those of Mousewald, and lies between Dumfries and Lochmaben. Tradition says that on Tinwald-hill Robert Bruce met James Douglas as he hastened to assert his right to the crown of Scotland.—*Author's Note.*

XXXVI.

KNOW YE THE FAIR ONE.

KNOW ye the fair one whom I love?
High is her white and holy brow;
Her looks so saintly-sweet and pure,
Make men adore who come to woo;
Her neck, o'er which her tresses hing,
Is snow beneath a raven's wing.

Her lips are like the red-rose bud,
Dew-parted in a morn of June,
Her voice is gentler than the sound
Of some far heard and heavenly tune,
Her little finger, white and round
Can make a hundred hearts to bound.

My love's two eyes are bonnie stars,
Born to adorn the summer skies;
And I will by our tryste-thorn sit,
To watch them at their evening rise:
That when they shine on tower and tree,
Their heavenly light may fall on me.

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Come, starry Eve, demure and gray;
Now is the hour when maidens woo,
Come shake o'er wood, and bank, and brae
Thy tresses moist with balmy dew:
Thy dew ne'er dropt on flower or tree,
So lovely or so sweet as she.

The laverock's bosom shone with dew,
Beside us on the lilied lea,
She sung her mate down from the cloud
To warble by my love and me;
Nor from her young ones sought to move,
For well she saw our looks were love.

XXXVII.

PHEMIE IRVING.

GAY is thy glen, Corrie,
With all thy groves flowering;
Green is thy glen, Corrie,
When July is showering;
And sweet is yon wood where
The small birds are bowering,
For there dwells the sweet one
Whom I am adoring.

Her round neck is whiter
Than winter when snowing;
Her meek voice is milder
Than Ae in its flowing;
The glad ground yields music
Where she goes by the river;
One kind glance would charm me
For ever and ever.

The proud and the wealthy
To Phemie are bowing ;
No looks of love win they
With sighing and suing ;
Far away maun I stand
With my rude wooing,
She 's a flow'ret too lovely
To bloom for my pu'ing.

O were I yon violet,
On which she is walking !
O were I yon small bird,
To which she is talking !
Or yon rose in her hand,
With its ripe ruddy blossom !
Or some pure gentle thought,
To be blest with her bosom !

XXXVIII.

THE SAILOR'S LADY.

COME busk you gallantlie,
Busk and make you ready,
Maiden, busk and come,
And be a sailor's lady.
The foamy ocean 's ours,
From Hebride to Havannah,
And thou shalt be my queen,
And reign upon it, Anna.

See my bonnie ship,
So stately and so steady ;
Thou shalt be my queen,
And she maun be my lady :
The west wind in her wings,
The deep sea all in motion,
Away she glorious goes,
And crowns me king of ocean.

The merry lads are mine,
From Thames, and Tweed, and Shannon;
The Bourbon flowers grow pale
When I hang out my pennon;
I 'll win thee gold and gems
With pipe and cutlass clashing,
With all my broad sails set,
And all my cannon flashing.

Come with me and see
The golden islands glowing,
Come with me and hear
The flocks of India lowing;
Thy fire shall be of spice,
The dews of eve drop manna,
Thy chamber floor of gold,
And men adore thee, Anna.

XXXIX.

MY GENTLE HUGH HERRIES.

GO seek in the wild glen,
Where streamlets are falling,—
Go seek on the lone hill,
Where curlews are calling,—
Go seek where the clear stars
Shine down without number,
For there ye will find him
My true love in slumber.

They sought in the wild glen—
The glen was forsaken;
They sought on the mountain,
'Mang lang lady bracken;
And sore, sore they hunted
My true love to find him,
With the strong bands of iron
To fetter and bind him.

Yon green hill I 'll give thee
Where falcons are flying,
To shew me the den, where
This bold traitor's lying—
O make me of Nithsdale's
Fair princedom the heiress,
Is that worth one smile of
My gentle Hugh Herries ?

The white bread, the sweet milk,
And ripe fruits I found him,
And safe in my fond arms,
I clasp'd, and I wound him :
I warn you—go not where
My true lover tarries,
For sharp smites the sword of
My gentle Hugh Herries.

They rein'd their proud war-steeds,
Away they went sweeping,
Behind them dames wail'd, and
Fair maidens went weeping ;
But deep in yon wild glen,
'Mang banks of blae-berries,
I dwell with my loved one,
My gentle Hugh Herries.

XL.

MONTGOMERY'S MISTRESS.

O NATURE lavish'd on my love
Each charm and winning grace,
It is a glad thing to sad eyes
To look upon her face;
While she looks through her clustering hair
That o'er her temples hings—
She 's sweeter than the sunny air
In which the lily springs,
I'd stand and look on my true love
Like one grown to the ground;
There 's none like her in loveliness,
Search all the world around.

Her looks are like the May-day dawn,
When light comes on the streams;
Her eyes are like the star of love,
With bright and amorous beams;

She walks—the blushing brook-rose seems
Unworthy of her foot ;
She sings—the lark that hearkens her
Will evermore be mute ;
For from her eyes there streams such light,
And from her lips such sound—
There 's none like her in loveliness,
Search all the world around.*

* ' Montgomery's Mistress ' is so called from a poem by Alexander Montgomery, author of ' The Cherrie and the Slae,' 4to, 1597 ; printed among the Miscellaneous Poems of Montgomery in Mr. David Laing's edition of that author, 8vo, 1821. One fine verse deserves to be better known :—

Hir armes ar long, hir shulders braid,
Hir middill gent and small ;
The mold is lost, vhairin was maid,
This *A per se* of all.

—p. 210.

XLI.

THE BROKEN HEART OF ANNIE.

DOWN yon green glen, in yon wee bower,
Lived fair and lovely Annie:
Ere she saw seventeen simmer suns,
She waxed wond'rous bonnie.
Young Lord Dalzell at her bower door
Had privily been calling
When she grew faint and sick of heart,
And moanings fill'd her dwalling.

I found her as a lily flower
When dew hangs in its blossom,
Wet were her cheeks, and a sweet babe
Hung smiling at her bosom.
Such throbs ran through her frame, as seem'd
Her heart and soul to sever;
In no one's face she look'd—her bloom
Was fading—and for ever.

Thou hast thy father's smile, my babe,
Maids' eyes to dim with grieving,
His wyling glance, which woman's heart
Could fill with fond believing;
A voice that made his falsest vows
Seem breathings of pure heaven,
And get from hearts which he had broke,
His injuries forgiven.

My false love came to me yestreen,
With words all steep'd in honey,
And kiss'd his babe, and said, Sweet wean,
Be as thy mother bonnie.
And out he pull'd a purse of gold,
With rings and rubies many—
I look'd at him, but could not speak
Ye 've broke the heart of Annie!

It 's not thy gold and silver bright,
Thy words like dropping honey,
Thy silken scarfs, and bodice fine,
And caps all laced an' bonnie,
Can bring me back the peace I 've tint,
Or heal the heart of Annie;
Speak to thy God of thy broken vows,
For thou hast broken many.

XLII.

LOW GERMANIE.

AS I sail'd past green Jura's isle,
Among the waters lone,
I heard a voice—a sweet low voice,
Atween a sigh and moan:
With ae babe at her bosom, and
Another at her knee,
A mother wail'd the bloody wars
In Low Germanie.

O woe unto these cruel wars
That ever they began,
For they have swept my native isle
Of many a pretty man:
For first they took my brethren twain,
Then wiled my love frae me,
Woe, woe unto the cruel wars
In Low Germanie.

I saw him when he sail'd away,
And furrow'd far the brine;
And down his foes came to the shore,
In many a glittering line:

The war-steeds rush'd amang the waves,
The guns came flashing free,
But could nae keep my gallant love
From Low Germanie.

Oh say, ye maidens, have ye seen
When swells the battle cry,
A stately youth with bonnet blue
And feather floating high,—
An eye that flashes fierce for all,
But ever mild to me?—
Oh that 's the lad who loves me best
In Low Germanie.

Where'er the cymbal's sound is heard,
And cittern sweeter far,—
Where'er the trumpet blast is blown,
And horses rush to war;
The blithest at the banquet board,
And first in war is he,
The bonnie lad, whom I love best,
In Low Germanie.

I sit upon the high green land,
When mute the waters lie,
And think I see my true-love's sail
Atween the sea and sky.
With ae bairn at my bosom, and
Another at my knee,
I sorrow for my soldier lad
In Low Germanie.

XLIII.

THE PIRATE'S SONG.

O LADY, come to the Indies with me,
And reign and rule on the sunny sea;
My ship 's a palace, my deck 's a throne,
And all shall be thine the sun shines on.

A gallant ship, and a boundless sea,
A piping wind and the foe on our lee,
My pennon streaming so gay from the mast,
My cannon flashing all bright and fast.

The Bourbon lilies wax wan as I sail;
America's stars I strike them pale:
The glories of sea and the grandeur of land,
All shall be thine for the wave of thy hand.

Thy shining locks are worth Java's isle—
Can the spices of Saba buy thy smile?
Let kings rule earth by a right divine,
Thou shalt be queen of the fathomless brine.

XLIV.

THE THISTLE 'S GROWN ABOON THE ROSE.

FULL white the Bourbon lily blows,
Still fairer haughty England's rose ;
Nor shall unsung the symbol smile,
Green Ireland, of thy lovely isle.
In Scotland grows a warlike flower,
Too rough to bloom in lady's bower ;
But when his crest the warrior rears,
And spurs his courser on the spears,
O there it blossoms—there it blows—
The Thistle 's grown aboon the Rose.

Bright like a steadfast star it smiles
Aboon the battle's burning files ;
The mirkest cloud, the darkest night,
Shall ne'er make dim that beauteous sight ;
And the best blood that warms my vein,
Shall flow ere it shall catch a stain.
Far has it shone on fields of fame
From matchless Bruce to dauntless Graeme,
From swarthy Spain to Siber's snows ;—
The Thistle 's grown aboon the Rose.

What conquer'd aye and nobler spared,
And firm endured, and greatly dared?
What redden'd Egypt's burning sand?
What vanquish'd on Corunna's strand?
What pipe on green Maida blew shrill?
What dyed in blood Barossa hill?
Bade France's dearest life-blood rue
Dark Soignies and dread Waterloo?
That spirit which no tremor knows;—
The Thistle 's grown aboon the Rose.

I vow—and let men mete the grass
For his red grave who dares say less—
Men blither at the festive board,
Men braver with the spear and sword,
Men higher famed for truth—more strong
In virtue, sovereign sense, and song,
Or maids more fair, or wives more true,
Than Scotland's, ne'er trode down the dew;
Unflinching friends—unconquer'd foes,
The Thistle 's grown aboon the Rose.

XLV.

MORNING SONG.

O COME! for the lily
Is white on the lea;
O come! for the wood-doves
Are paired on the tree:
The lark sings with dew
On her wings and her feet;
The thrush pours his ditty,
Loud, varied, and sweet:
So come where the twin-hares
'Mid fragrance have been,
And with flowers I will weave thee
A crown like a queen.

O come! hark the throstle
Invites you aloud;
And wild comes the plover's cry
Down from the cloud:

The stream lifts its voice,
And yon daisy 's begun
To part its red lips
And drink dew in the sun :
The sky laughs in light,
Earth rejoices in green—
So come, and I'll crown thee
With flowers like a queen !

O, haste ! hark the shepherd
Hath waken'd his pipe,
And led out his lambs
Where the blae-berry 's ripe :
The bright sun is tasting
The dew on the thyme ;
Yon glad maiden's lilting
An old bridal-rhyme :
There's joy in the heaven
And gladness on earth—
So, come to the sunshine,
And mix in the mirth.

XLVI.

MARY HALLIDAY.

BONNIE Mary Halliday,
Turn again, I call you ;
If you leave your father's ha'
Sorrow will befall you ;
The cushat, hark, a tale of woe
Is to its true love telling,
And Annan stream in drowning wrath
Is through the greenwood swelling.

Gentle Mary Halliday,
Born to be a lady,
Upon the Annan's woody side
Thy saddled steed stands ready ;
For thy haughty kinsman's threats
Will thy true faith falter ?
The bridal banquet 's ready made,
The priest stands by the altar.

Bonnie Mary Halliday,
Turn again, I tell you ;
For wit, and grace, and loveliness,
What maiden can excel you !
Though Annan has its beauteous dames,
And Corrie mony a fair one,
We canna spare thee frae our sight,
Thou lovely and thou rare one.

Gentle Mary Halliday,
When the cittern 's sounding
We 'll miss the music of thy foot
Amang the blythe lads bounding—
The summer sun will freeze our blood,
The winter moon will warm us,
Ere the like o' thee will come again
To cheer us and to charm us.

XLVII.

NANCIE CORRIE.

O KEN ye lovely Nancie,
Of Corrie's fairy water?
O ken ye bonnie Nancie,
John Corrie's only daughter?

She's peerless when she speaks,
When silent she 's a shiner,
There 's sorcery in her song,
And her dancing 's still diviner.

O were I but the light
Of the morning to awake her,
When she rises pure and bright,
In the glory of her Maker!

XLVIII.

MY LASSIE WI' THE SUNNY LOCKS.

MY lassie wi' the sunny locks
Dwells in a moorlan ha';
Oh! the flower of the wilderness
Blooms fairest flower of a';
When there 's nought save the dew,
In its bosom to fa'.

My love 's the balmy seed
Of the garden's sweetest flower,
Nursed up in fragrant beauty
By the golden sun and shower:
And nane save the wild birds
Ken o' its power.

Oh! lightsome are her looks,
And as sweet as sweet can be;
She is the light of morning,
In ilka bodie's e'e,
And a drap of dearest blood
In this bosom to me.

A maid of eighteen 's kindest,
A maid of eighteen 's best ;
She 's like the merle's gorlin,
Stown out of the nest,
That sings aye the sweeter
The mair it is carest.

Oh ! sixteen 's a honey pear,
Beginning for to blaw,
And seventeen is drop-ripe,
And tempting wi'tha',
And eighteen is pou 't,
If ye e'er pou 't ava.

XLIX.

MY BONNIE LASSIE.

LET the table be spread,
Bring me wine of the rarest,
And fill me a cup :
Here 's the health of the fairest!
The ladies of Nithsdale
Are stately and saucie,
But there 's nane of them a'
Like my Bonnie Lassie.

She has nae broad lands
To maintain her in grandeur,
Nor jewels to light all
The kirk with their splendour :
But Nature has made her
Sae lovesome and gaucie,
That a gray gown 's enough
For sae Bonnie a Lassie.

Her forehead is clearer
  Than Nith when it 's sunny;
Her bright laughing e'en
  Amang lads are uncannie.
Her lang clustering love-locks—
  Here, fill me the tassie:
There 's nane of them a'
  Like my Bonnie Lassie.

I am drunk wi' her love,
  And forget, in her presence,
But that she 's divine,
  And I owe her obeisance;
And I saunter at eve,
  Though the big rain be falling,
And count myself blest
  With a sight of her dwelling.

L.

STARS, DINNA KEEK IN.

YE stars, dinna keek in
And see me wi' Mary;
An' thou bright and bonnie moon,
Don't on her window tarry.
For sair yestreen ye scar'd me,
O sair yestreen ye marr'd me,
Frae kisses kind ye barr'd me:
Ye keek'd sae in on Mary.

She 's a wise and mirthsome quean,
And gay as ony fairy—
Sïe 's a sharp sarcastic lass,
Though she is my dearie;
And when the moon is moving,
I love to go a roving,
Wi' her baith leal and loving,
My sweet and gentle Mary.

LI.

THE MARINER.

YE winds, which sweep the grove's green tops,
And kiss the mountains hoar,
O softly stir the ocean-waves
Which sleep along the shore!
For my love sails the fairest ship
That wantons on the sea;
O bend his masts with pleasant gales,
And waft him hame to me.

O leave nae mair the bonnie glen,
Clear stream, and hawthorn grove,
Where first we walk'd in gloaming gray,
And sigh'd and look'd of love;
For faithless is the ocean wave,
And faithless is the wind:
Then leave nae mair my heart to break
'Mang Scotland's hills behind.

LII.

THE WARRIOR.

HIS foot 's in the stirrup,
His hand 's on the mane,
He is up and away,
Shall we see him again ?
He thinks on his ladye-love,
Little he heeds
The levelling of lances,
Or rushing of steeds;
He thinks on his true-love,
And rides in an armour
Of proof, woven sure
By the spells of his charmer.

How young and how comely,
Lo ! look on him now,
How steadfast his eye,
And how tranquil his brow !

The gift of his ladye-love
  Glitters full gay,
As down like an eagle
  He pours on his prey.
Go sing it in song,
  And tell it in story :
He went in his strength,
  And return'd in his glory !

LIII.

THE CAVALIER.

ALL saddled and bridled,
And booted and ready,
He stopt but to whisper
One word to his lady.
He stroked his white war-horse,
He touch'd his sword-hilt:
'These hoofs shall be moisten'd,
This blade shall be gilt
In blood, ere I come again.'
Other words none
He spoke—like a sunbeam
He gleam'd, and was gone.

He rode to the combat
With princes and peers,
To the rending of corslets
And splintering of spears;
He rode to the combat
Of rustics with lords,
To the flashing of muskets,
And thrusting of swords;

With his sharp blade he pointed
To lines long and large,
Crying 'Down with the churls!'
And spurr'd to the charge.

All plumed like young eagles,
And bright as the beams
Of the sun, when he wakens
In June on the streams;
All fierce as young eagles
When stooping half-way,
Down from Heaven they come
With a scream on their prey—
So rush'd knights and nobles
On peasants and grooms,
With the sounding of trumpets
And tossing of plumes.

Behold! he hath been
Where the striving was hot,
And pierced with the lances,
And torn with the shot
His war-horse has sunk;
Never more will he hear
The trumpet, or rush
On the sabre or spear;
And to him who bestrode him,
What minstrel will yield
More meed than he merits
Who flies from the field.

LIV.

LORD RANDAL.

A COLD wind and a starless sky,
Hills white with sifted snaw,
A lady weeping at midnight,
By a lone castle wa'.
'O come Lord Randal, open your door,
O open and let me in,
The snaw hangs on my scarlet robe,
The sleet dreeps down my chin.

'O come Lord Randal, open your door,
O open that I may see
That gentle form, and gentle look,
That charmed my heart frae me;
O come Lord Randal, open your door,
Or speak that I may know
Once more the music of that tongue
Which brought me all my woe.'

Her voice sank low as the tender babe's
  Which makes a gentle moan,
A cry still heard by that castle wa'
  At midnight mirk and lone ;
Lord Randal called his true-love thrice,
  But there was none could hear,
For ah ! ne'er mortal voice again
  Could win that lady's ear.

LV.

THE SHEPHERD.

THE laverock dried his wings i' the sun,
Aboon the bearded barley,
When a shepherd lad to my window came,
Wi' me to haud a parley.
'O are ye sleeping, my lovesome lass,
And dreaming of love I ferlie?
Arise and come to the heights wi' me
Amang the dews sae pearlie.'

First I pat on my jupes o' green,
An' kilted my coaties rarely;
And dipt my feet in the May morn dew,
And gade wi' mirthsome Charlie.
It is sweet to be waken'd by one we love
By night or morning early;
It is sweet to be woo'd as forth we walk,
By the lad whom we love dearly.

The sun he raise, and better raise,
An' owre the hill lowed rarely,
The wee lark sang, and higher sang,
Amang the bearded barley ;
We woo'd sae lang on the sunny knowe side
Where the gowans' heads hung pearlie,
That the tod broke in to the bughted lambs,
And left my lad fu' barely.

LYI.

SATURDAY'S SUN.

O SATURDAY'S sun sinks down wi' a smile,
On a man who is weary and worn wi' his toil ;
Warmer is the kiss which his kind wife receives,
Fonder too the looks to his little ones he gives.
His gudemother is glad, though her glass is nigh run,
To smile wi' his weans at the setting of the sun ;
When the voice of prayer is heard and the holy holy tune,
Wha wadna be glad when the sun 's sinking down ?

Tho' thy cheek, my sweet wife, has lost some of the glow
Of bright seventeen, and there 's care on thy brow ;
Tho' the blythe blinks are forsaking thy ee,
What matter ! thou 'rt dearer and dearer to me.
I mind when I thought that the sun didna shine
On a face half so fair or a form so divine ;
Thou v'ert wooed in the parlour and courted in the ha',
I came and I won thee frae the wit o' them a'.

My home is my lairdship well stocket and fou,
My bairns are the flocks and the herds which I loe;
My wife is the gowd and delight o' my ee,
Weel worth the wide earth and its grandeur to me.
O wha wad fade awa like a flower i' the dew,
And no leave a sprout for kind heaven to pou?
Wha wad rot 'mang the mools like the stump of a tree,
Wi' nae shoots the pride of the forest to be.

LVII.

ALLAN-A-MAUT.

GUDE Allan-a-maut lay on the rigg,
Ane called him bear, ane called him bigg ;
An auld wife slipt on her glasses ; 'Aha,
He 'll waken,' quo' she, 'wi' joy to us a'.'
The sun shone out, down dropt the rain,
He laughed as he came to life again ;
And carles and carlins sang wha saw 't,
Gude luck to your rising, Allan-a-maut.

Gude Allan-a-maut grew green and rank,
Wi' a golden beard and a shapely shank ;
An' rose sae steeve and waxed sae stark,
That he whomelt the maid and coupet the clark.
The sick and lame leaped hale and weel,
The faint of heart grew firm as steel,
The douce nae mair thought mirth a faut ;
'Sic charms are mine,' quo' Allan-a-maut.

LVIII.

TAM BO, TAM BO.

'WILL ye fee wi' me, Tam Bo, Tam Bo,
Will ye fee wi' me, my heart and my jo'?
An' yese be at hame like my tae e'e,
If ye 'll fee wi' a pitifu' widow like me.

'Tam Bo was steeve and Tam Bo was stark,
Wi' an e'e like puss and a voice like a lark;
The widow was rosie and weel to leeve,
Wi' sense in her noddle and silk in her sleeve.

'I 'll gie ye marks three, Tam Bo, Tam Bo,
Three lily white sarks, my heart and my jo',
An' mony braw things when there 's nane to see,
If ye 'll fee wi' a pitifu' widow like me.

'A gliff i' the gloaming to dàut and woo,
A gude sharp sock and a weel gaun plough;
Wi' a simmer sun and a lilie lea;
Will ye fee wi' a pitifu' widow like me?

'A cozie bed and a cannie darke,
An' late to rise and soon frae wark,
A kindlie kiss and uncounted fee;
Will ye fee wi' a pitifu' widow like me?'

'Thae bright een gang through me like swords,
And thy ripe lips hae weel waled words,
That may win my saul and then work it woe,
We are fallible creatures,' quo' douce Tam Bo.

Now what to do or say or look,
Tam wistna while the widow she took
Frae her silken purse the gowd sae free;
Will ye fee wi' a pitifu' widow like me?

Tam yoked the plough, he furrowed the lea,
He sowed the corn, and he pouched his fee,
While the widow she sang neither lowne nor lowe,
'He 's a capital bargain, this young Tam Bo.'

LIX.

THE LASS OF LAMMERMOOR.

I MET a lass on Lammermoor
Atween the corn and blooming heather,
Around her neck red gowd she wore,
And in her cap she wore a feather.
Her step was light, her eyes were bright,
Her face shone out like summer weather,
Birds sing, sweet lass, they love to see
Sic beauty 'mang the blooming heather.

O sic a geck she gave her head,
And sic a toss she gave her feather,
'Man, saw ye ne'er a bonnie lass
Before amang the blooming heather?'
'Pass on, pass on, so fair a ane
Might be less scornfu'; I would rather
Ha'e one whom I ken in her snood,
Than thee in thy bright cap and feather.'

LX.

THE LEA SHALL HAVE ITS LILY BELLS.

THE lea shall have its lily bells,
The tree its bud and blossom,
But when shall I have my leal love
Hame frae the faithless ocean?

Sair, sair, I pled, and followed him
With weeping and with wailing;
He broke his vow, and broke my heart;
And sighed, and went a sailing.

All night I woo the tender stars,
With eyes upturned and mourning;
And every morn look to the sea,
For my leal love returning.

Oh, sweetly sweet would be the sleep,
That knows no dream or waking;
And lang and green may the grass grow
Aboon a heart that's breaking.

LXI.

BONNIE JEANIE WALKINSHAW*.

THE moonbeam sleeps on Undercliff,
The sea is lulled and calm,
The honey-bee has left the rose,
The lily lies in balm:
And all is music that we hear,
All lovely that we see—
O bonnie Jeanie Walkinshaw,
'Tis then I think on thee.

The gladsome sun of May returns,
With sweet flowers in his train,
And bird and bee in bower and lea
Break into song again.
What May's bright sun is to the flowers,
The flowers to bird and bee,
O gentle Jeanie Walkinshaw,
Thou'rt that and more to me.

* Eliza Jane, eldest daughter of my kind friends Mr. and Mrs. James Walkinshaw, of Old Park, Undercliff, Isle of Wight.—*Author's Note.*

I see thee shining on thy hills,
  Like a young beam of light,
And O I think how bright thou'lt be
  When all with me is night!
But, gentle one, a smile of thine
  Will make my song flow free,
Then, bonnie Jeanie Walkinshaw,
  I'll owe my fame to thee.

GLOSSARY.

*** A Glossary of some of the more difficult Scottish words may be thought desirable, though the Poems and Songs of Burns, and, still more recently, many of the Waverley Novels, have all but rendered any detailed explanation unnecessary to the English reader.

Bear, barley.
Beddle, grave-digger.
Beek, to add fuel to fire, to bask.
Bide, to wait.
Bield, shelter.
Big, to build.
Blaeberries, bilberries.
Blinks, smiling looks, to shine by fits.
Blobs, drops, drops of dew.
Blythe, happily, merrily.
Bracken, fern.
Bright o' blee, bright of glance.
Busked, dressed.
But, without.

Carle, an old man.
Carlins, old women.
Castock, stalk of a cabbage.
Cauld, cold.
Claithing, clothing.
Cleeding, clothing.
Cleckie, ready to take an advantage.
Cleeks, hooks, snatches.
Coots, hoofs.
Clout, a cloth, a rag.
Coupet, tumbled.
Cushat dow, dove or wood-pigeon.

Darg, labour, work; a day's work.
Daut, to make much of, to fondle.
Delving, digging.
Dibbling, planting.
Dighted, wiped.
Dings, to push, to surpass, to excel.
Doo, dove.
Dool, sorrow, to lament.
Douked, ducked.
Doup, backside.
Dub, a small pond, a hole filled with water.
Dud, cloth, rag.
Dyke, a low wall.

Eerie, frighted, haunted.
Eild, old age.
Erled, betrothed.

Faulds, folds.
Feckless, puny, weak, silly.
Ferlie, to wonder, a wonder.
Fou, full, drunk.

Gaucie, jolly, plump, comely.
Geck, a toss of the head.
Gliff, a glimpse.

Glintin', to peep, peeping.
Gloaming, the twilight.
Glowrin, staring, looking.
Gowan, daisy.
Gowdspink, goldfinch.
Greet, a cry, to cry.

Haffet-links, curls at the temples.
Hap, to wrap.
Hause, the throat.
Hie, high.
Hinney, honey.
Howking, digging deep.

Ilka, each, every.

Jag, to prick.
Jimpy, slender.
Jupe, a short mantle or gown.

Kail, colewort.
Kame, a comb.
Keek, to peep.
Kepp'd, caught, fastened up.
Kilted, to shorten or hold up the clothes.
Kintra, country.
Kist, chest, or box.
Kittled, tickled.
Knurles, knots.

Lav'rock, the lark.
Leal, loyal, true, faithful.
Leister, a spear for striking fish.
Lilt, a tune, to sing.
Loof, hand.
Lowe, a flame.

Maun, must.
Mirk, dark, gloomy.

Pawkie, cunning, sly.
Pree, to taste.
Pyking, picking out, stealing.

Reaver, a robber.
Red-wud, stark mad.
Reek, smoke.
Roke, distaff.
Roupet, hoarse as with a cold.
Rowe, to roll, to wrap.

Sair, sore.
Sark, shirt.
Scouner, to loathe.
Scouthring, scouring,
Scrimp, to scant.
Sheughing, trenching.
Shilfa, a chaffinch.
Sic, such.
Siccan, such kind of, such as.
Skaithless, uninjured.
Sleekit, sleek, sly.
Smoor, to smother.
Spaul, a limb.
Stark, stout, potent.
Stieve, stiff, firm.

Taen, taken.
Tent, to take heed.
Thowe, a thaw, to thaw.
Throstle, a thrush.
Tint, lost.
Tod, a fox.
Toom, empty.
Tottles, totters, falls over.
Tryste, appointment, love-meeting.

Wad, would.
Weir, war.
Whittle, a knife, to cut.
Whomelt, turned upside down.
Winnow, to wave, to waft.
Wooster-tryste, wool-fair, or meeting.
Wud, mad.
Wyle, to entice, to persuade.

Yap, keen, hungry.
Yarely, readily, alertly.
Yett, gate.
Yird, yard.

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LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

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Government of Maharashtra
on 13 February, 2016